

THE  
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE  
AND  
INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

---

VOL. XVIII.

DECEMBER, 1857.

No. 6.

---

CAUSE OF POLITICAL DEMORALIZATION AND COMMERCIAL DISHONESTY: A SPECIAL VIEW.

THE human mind is so constituted that it can only receive permanent impressions, — impressions which result in conviction and action, from natural and adequate causes. These causes may be such as affect the imagination primarily, or they may move directly upon the will, the reason, or the judgment, or on all combined; but to be permanent in their results, they must be adapted in their nature to the end to be attained. No conventional influence, however strongly it may be intrenched in the good-will and support of the community, can ever supply the place of a natural and intrinsically adequate cause. In physics, all things are positively and obviously adapted to their intended purposes, or they are useless. The same is true of mental and moral appliances, — except that in the region of metaphysics the truth does not always lie on the surface, as in things tangible, but it is no less certain that a fact, a condition, a prevailing sentiment, must have its origin in some cause directly calculated to produce the state of things which we actually

see, though it may not be always patent to the eye of ordinary and casual observation: it may even have to be sought for in an exactly opposite direction to that towards which the public mind has been tending in search of it, and to which false direction it has been led by those wise seers of the people, who have assumed to see the wrongs and remedies of social life, but who have inadvertently taken half a truth for the whole, and have consequently plunged themselves and the community into serious practical errors.

In looking upon the general tone of lax morality which pervades the business communities of our large cities; in perceiving that American integrity, in business matters, does not stand at par in its foreign relations; in the well-known fact, that the private brands and marks of celebrated foreign manufacturers are imitated, and passed off as genuine, by merchants and traders having a respectable standing in the commercial metropolis of the country, and by some in the lesser cities; in the oft-recurring exposure of defalcations, and those classes of crimes involving breaches of trust; in the corruption which has seized upon the very vitals of our political life,—we have yet to hear an adequate cause assigned, by the pulpit or the press. And yet there must be one.

In making our estimate of other countries, and noting their national characteristics, we naturally look somewhat back of the present, to discover what has produced the state of things we see: for a whole generation of people will not be found exhibiting marked and prominent traits of character, from an immediate, temporary impulse; but what they are will be found upon examination to be the direct and legitimate result of strong early impressions, the growth of imperative circumstances, or the consequence of a certain kind and degree of education, or of the want of suitable training.

Take an illustration from the political world,—the different attitudes of the Hindoos and Canadians, both foreign by

geographical position to the supreme power which governs them;—the first torn by outrages, mutinies, and revolts; the other loyal to excess, and ready to repel the enemies of their distant island sovereign, with a zeal equal to that with which they would defend their own homes and hearths. The cause of this difference is neither in race nor climate nor differences of religious faith, but in the fact that one has been treated like a favorite child, without being made froward by over-indulgence, having her legal representatives, and every needed facility for procuring the redress of a wrong, as soon as it was felt to be burdensome. The other has been used like a slave, out of which all possible profit was to be extorted, without even the slave's right of petition; or, what amounts to the same, this theoretical right being so hedged about with obstacles as to render it practically nugatory. The effects in both instances are perfectly adequate and legitimate to their causes.

It is the same with the more permanent domestic and social characteristics of nations. These are not spontaneous to the present time, or accidental in their strong contrasts. They result from systems of action, inaugurated perhaps through the force of some strong determining external influence, but perpetuated through the force of habit and education. Hence we see close neighbors geographically, like the Germans and the French, differing widely in their everyday habits of thought, feeling, and action. To the one, a brilliant life in the *beau monde* is the highest conceivable good; to the other, a comfortable home and a serene domestic life is the ultimatum of happiness. And the reasons of this difference may be found in the facts, that in France a pleasant, public, out-door life has been made a science, and has become a practical branch of the fine arts, a part and parcel of the civic and social arrangements. In every city or large community, the artistic skill of the people, fostered by the government, culminates towards public spectacles; while in Germany the home virtues are sedulously taught to the

young, and cultivated by social customs among the mature. The daughters of a family early learn to make the home circle attractive; while in France *society* receives the first consideration of all classes. And thus have grown and widened the social and domestic traits of these Continental neighbors. And as the political and social condition of nations may be distinctly traced to wise or unwise investment and exercise of power, and to the habitual education and usages of the people, so must the moral standing of communities be directly traceable to some positive producing power, which is chargeable with the results, whatever these may be.

If the public tone of morals is bad, if the business standard of integrity is low, there must be a reason for it, and we are reluctantly compelled to the admission that the reputation of Americans in business matters does not bear a favorable comparison with other Christian nations, judged even by a liberal and cosmopolitan, rather than a strict and positive standard. There is not the same implicit trust put in the certified values, — the marks, brands, or verbal representations of American traders, manufacturers, and merchants, — that there is in those of foreigners. At home it is so, abroad it is the same. If purchasers *know*, by some irrefragable proof, that a piece of machinery, a watch, or a piece of cloth is imported, and the manufacturer's mark is upon it, perfect satisfaction and confidence are felt, whether the article come from London, Brussels, or Paris, not because of any vain whim on the subject, but because these have borne the test of use, and are found to be all that is claimed for them by their manufacturers. Will any one familiar with the *modus operandi* of trade in New York affirm the same of all that is offered for sale, bearing names that ought to inspire confidence? Every one who has had any business experience in Europe must know, that, in all which relates to fidelity of execution, or honesty of representation, the English business character stands at par, while the Amer-



ican falls somewhat below. There are other reasons why, in many foreign ports, American products are sought for, and even take the precedence, (these will be found to consist chiefly of raw materials or natural productions, not manufactured articles,) but it is certainly not on the ground of a superior confidence in the general business integrity of the American character. This is a humiliating admission, but we believe that an enlightened patriotism will always dictate the removal of a national stain, rather than the concealment of it. In fact, there can be no concealment, where the reputation of whole classes is daily put in peril by their own actions.

But where shall we look for the cause of this unenviable reputation? It is not in any lack of the means of education; our whole machinery of teaching, from the primary school to the university, we are apt to flaunt in the face of the world, as the most perfect of any known or imaginable system. The country is filled with preachers and religious teachers. Every house, hotel, and log-cabin, every ship, steamboat, and river-craft, is flooded with the publications of Bible and tract societies; and from the amount of effort to that end, we ought to be the most moral nation in the world. And yet there is not honesty enough in the conduct of our mercantile and financial affairs generally to give us as clean a reputation as our manufacturing and commercial rivals across the water possess.

Public services in the national and state legislatures are notoriously purchased, by private emoluments; malfeasance in office, and the prosecution of fraudulent claims upon the federal government, states, cities, and other corporations, form an established and recognized trade among us; swindling banking-houses, got up deliberately and knavishly for the sole benefit of a President and Board of Directors, have given a bad odor to the very name of "banks" and "banking operations," in the estimation of hundreds of thousands of our own citizens. *The home manufacture of "imported"*

articles employs thousands of hands in the city of New York alone; while the re-use and imitation of celebrated brands and marks, in the sale of wines, cloths, jewelry, &c., occasion a charge to which the consciences of multitudes of traders must guiltily respond. While the unfaithfulness of persons intrusted with the funds of public institutions, railway companies, partnerships, firms, treasurers, book-keepers, clerks, and other employees, furnish the press with daily records of crime, and readers with the most serious matter for reflection. Two simple facts, now officially on record, will show that these statements are not exaggerated, — indeed, that exaggeration is scarcely possible. Here is one: “On the 12th of March of last year (1856), the District Attorney of New York entered a *nolle prosequi* in the case of nine city officials, indicted for bribery, stating as a reason for so doing, “that it was of no use to put the defendants on trial, as there would be so much money and *political influence* brought to bear on the cases that they *could not be convicted*”! Again, the semiannual report of the Comptroller for New York, published in September of the present year (1857), states that the bills (brought against the city for labor performed, materials furnished, &c.), “examined by the special committee of the Board of Aldermen, in 1856, *showed an overcharge of three hundred and fifty per cent*”!

And we have not yet touched upon the most common, we had almost said universal, form of dishonesty. We refer to the assumption of means which have no existence; the extension of business operations beyond a reasonable prospect of safety; the reckless use of credit, which looks only to the present escape or profit, and ignores the future reckoning; the assumption of a style of living which perfectly honest intentions towards creditors would utterly forbid. Could a community having any proper sense of right and wrong, a decent regard to honor, or reputation even, be guilty of such derelictions from an honest course, or could the innocent portion of such a community look with apathy upon such a

state of things, if their moral sense had not been blunted by the constant repetition of them?

It seems to us that the really honest and honorable merchant, or trader, would feel like withdrawing from the corrupted mass, and saying: "We cannot bear this; we have kept our own hands clean, and, fail or suspend, survive the whirl and rush or perish in it, we are determined to do business on honest principles, or not at all; there must be room in this world to live honestly somewhere; and that somewhere, and that somewhat to do, we will find, rather than run the risk of having our names and our honor tarnished by these disreputable practices, — rather than be involved in the general imputation of dishonesty, which is fast settling down upon the present business system, and which we help, by our names and credit, to support."

We know we shall encounter a strong (and amiable) prejudice, when we point out as the main cause of this general swerving from the principles of absolute right, in matters of business and politics, that the *formation of boys' characters*, for the past twenty or twenty-five years, *has been placed in the wrong hands*. It has been the tendency of public sentiment, for many years, to throw the whole burden of the moral training of the young upon the female members of the family, and of society, — to make the *mothers* solely responsible for the future moral character of their sons; — thus misinterpreting the teachings of God and Nature, and attempting to substitute an inadequate influence for that which was primarily ordained in the reason of things, indorsed by inspiration, and tested by experience. Contrasted with the men of this generation, those of the past were models of business integrity, and our immediate ancestors were not committed so exclusively to the influence of females for the formation of their moral principles. Fifty or sixty years ago, the *fathers* had not repudiated their paternal responsibilities, as it is now the fashion to do, and took at least a share in the oversight and training of their sons.

From this view of the matter, we would not be understood as depreciating the amount, or intrinsic value, of female influence, or the general capacity which the sex have by nature for the work of education. Perhaps no advocate of the present system of things thinks more highly of the general supremacy of the spiritual element in woman than we do; but, for all this, we do not believe that her instructions and example *alone* are adequate to the production of honest *men*: we do not want less exertion on her part, but we do want more systematic and uniform male auxiliary tuition. While boys are young, the maternal influence may be all-sufficient; but as soon as they get out into the world, and find how little value, in affairs of business or politics, is placed upon a woman's opinion by men in general, how can we in reason expect that a mother's, sister's, or wife's suggestions, on questions involving moral points, in either business or political connections, should have any weight with them whatever? The feeling of most young men, however carefully and intelligently trained by maternal influence, soon grows, on contact with the world, into very nearly this shape: "Of course, as a general thing, the moral instructions I have received are right; but then neither my mother nor my wife knows anything practically about business or politics, and therefore they cannot be proper judges of what I should do in this or that particular matter." This is the mental position which, early gained, soon places the *man* quite beyond the reach of those influences which seem so beautiful in poetry and preaching, but which so often fail in the rough test of practical life.

We shall very probably be met here with a flood of anecdotes, to the end that "all great men have had superior mothers," — a decided fallacy (if *goodness* is the test of greatness), which any one, by sufficient investigation, may dispel for himself. There is also another class of rebutting cases, very current in certain publications, which go to show that, when great criminals are finally brought to justice, or fall

into irretrievable distresses, their thoughts spontaneously revert to "the early instructions and prayers of a pious mother," — which, by the way, undermines the preceding class of facts, and furnishes *prima facie* evidence of the truth of our own theory. Indeed, both of these classes of "facts" are sophistical and mischievous, as generally used, because they state partial truths in a way to produce a conviction of what is essentially erroneous, namely, that woman's influence is far more potent and far-reaching than it actually is.

The present tendency to exalt the female character, in all its connections with educational efforts, is judicious, and even praiseworthy, if these laudations are kept within the bounds of truth; but they become a mischievous and nauseous flattery, when carried beyond actualities, and made the groundwork and excuse for the abandonment of their own duties by men. And to this extent it has reached. Men, very generally, and fathers of sons to whom it is most important included, have got the idea that they can rightfully leave the moral education of their children to the wives and mothers; and the consequence is, that, though the instructions may be better *per se* than the father would be likely to give, yet they depreciate in value to the boy in the exact ratio of his growth towards manhood, simply from the fact that women, being seldom either politicians or financiers, are presumed to be incompetent advisers on these subjects.

The same young man, who so readily learns to repudiate the moral maxims received through maternal instructions, would be compelled to view the case very differently, had *identically the same* impressions of right and wrong been received through paternal teachings. He would naturally argue with himself to this effect: "My father knew what he was talking about, when he counselled me to hold fast my integrity, whatever else went by the board; he has been involved himself in *just such* perplexities as I am in now; he has been an active politician, a merchant, a clerk, a partner or sole trader, and I know he would not urge upon me im-

possible duties; he has *lived* his theory, and knows that it will do to work by." See what a broader ground of confidence the young man stands upon, when he gets his ideas of morality from his practical father, instead of exclusively from his theoretical mother. There is reason, nature, fact, and revelation in the position, that it is from men only that the majority of growing and ambitious youths will ever effectually learn honesty of sentiment and action in the practical affairs of life. And it is in the marked absence of this influence in the general training of youth, that we find the fundamental cause for the terrible dishonesty of the times. In no other civilized country is the moral home-training of boys thrust so exclusively upon females, and in no other country is there exhibited such an amount of criminal recklessness in business, or so large a preponderance of crimes growing out of political and financial dishonesty. The only remedy lies in the resumption of their proper duties, by the fathers of the country, who are under the most sacred obligations, whether they perceive and acknowledge them or not, to assume a proper share in the moral education of their sons. While mothers only instil principles of integrity into the minds of their children, we can look for honest *boys*. But when fathers teach the same morality, we may reasonably hope, and not till then, for a community of honest *men*.

E. V. S.

---

#### THE MANIFESTATION OF GOD IN THE CREATION.

THE most numerous, if not the most melancholy, pages in the history of Christianity are those in which are written, often in letters of blood, the divisions which have prevailed among her disciples. While the Scriptures in general, and the personal teachings of Christ in particular, require union

in belief, in feeling, and in action, the Christian Church has been splitting into churches (?) and denominations and sects which in these latter days no man can number. Through silent ages creed has sprung from creed, dogma has begotten dogma, and sect has given birth to sect, till the shelves of our libraries and the columns of our newspapers are filled with denunciation and controversy; and till the study of the rise and progress of religious opinion, from being the most interesting and instructive, has become the most complicated and utterly hopeless branch of theological science.

And why is this? The true reason, we apprehend, is not to be found in any want of earnest, faithful, and even prayerful study of the Sacred Scriptures. Though we cannot but think that, had they been fought over less and prayed over more, they would have been studied to better purpose. But some part of the real reason may be found, we think, in the fact that there is another Revelation, that of Nature, which, though unwritten, is equally Divine, and therefore equally deserving our attention. We do not mean to imply that Christians have loved the written word of Revelation too much; but that perhaps they have loved and studied the manifested word of Nature too little. Once possessed of the Scriptures, they seem to have felt as though the light of Nature might do for those who had no other or better, but that for them, at least, Revelation at once superseded Nature and outshone it. And as a man carrying a lamp to lighten his pathway on a dark and stormy night is sometimes dazzled and led astray by the very intensity of its brightness, so the disciples of Christ seem to have been blinded by too exclusively contemplating the celestial glory of his teachings. May it not be that by the very closeness of their attention to the written word, to the exclusion of that which is manifest around them, they have deprived themselves of a most important means of interpreting Revelation itself?

We believe that the religion of Nature is as truly the



foundation as it was the forerunner of that of Revelation. The latter assumes the fact of the Divine existence, which the former manifestly declares. And the great principles of the Divine character which the one fully develops, the other has always plainly indicated. And in the spiritual blindness which is the natural consequence of the conceit of the exclusive possession of Divine truth, as well as in the want of those enlarged and liberal views of the character and providence of God which the study of Nature in its widest sense is so well calculated to reveal, we think we see some of the influences which have resulted in dividing and distracting the Christian Church.

Such feelings as these lead us to notice with constantly increasing interest the works on this subject which of late make their appearance from time to time, — lead us to welcome all such as are calculated to persuade the humble Christian, the anxious inquirer, or the sincere sceptic to a more earnest study of God's manifestation of himself in Nature, — and to bid them God-speed, whether they be suited to the wants of the deepest thinkers, or intended for wider usefulness among the masses of the people. And even if we should not find them all we could wish, we would still lift our feeble voice in their behalf, that, stimulated by their kindly reception, and animated by a more general and increasing interest in their theme, their authors, as well as others, may be incited to new and higher efforts in the same direction. And the more especially, since it is from the cultivation of this very study of Nature, as a most important form of the Divine self-manifestation, to which such books conduce, that we look for the genesis of that more catholic spirit, and of those more liberal principles, which, applied to the study and interpretation of the written Word, shall finally reunite all its receivers in "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism."

In a previous article, on "The Doctrine of Forms," a great general principle was sought to be established. Not indeed

as being either new or before unknown ; but as one known but in part, and but partially recognized in its relation to the fundamental truths revealed to man through Nature and in the written Word. The general doctrine of representative forms therein inculcated might, with equal propriety, be termed the doctrine of creation ; the creation itself being no more and no less than a form of the Divine self-manifestation.

In the present paper, to which the former was but preliminary and introductory, we propose to investigate briefly the mode in which the manifestation of God in nature may be discerned, and the nature of that manifestation as thus seen. And we trust the reader will not refuse to follow us, even through a commonplace, as the readiest way of access to those higher views to which we invite his attention.

The human mind possesses three primary ideas, which correspond to the three great facts of existence. The first, the idea of personal being, is the subject of our most interior consciousness. The second, the idea of that which is not ourself, of external existence, is formed by the aid of our senses. The third, the idea of Divine existence, though generally believed to be acquired, may exist in the mind from the very first. And as the body holds intercourse with the material world in which it is placed and of which it forms a part, so the spirit communes with the spiritual world and with the Father of spirits. This interior perception of the invisible spirit produces spiritual knowledge ; this knowledge is the sufficient ground of spiritual belief ; and this belief is religious faith, — faith which in this manner becomes at once its own evidence and the evidence also “ of things unseen.” And so interwoven into the very texture of our souls is this belief in the Divine existence, that it is almost invariably found there side by side with our consciousness of our own being and with our perception of the external world. And each one of these ideas — which may be designated as Self, Nature, God — is either innate or

self-evident; while, as they are quite universal in their nature, so have they been universally admitted and acknowledged, if we deduct some few and comparatively unimportant exceptions, in which, the better perhaps to illustrate the general rule, each one has been made in turn the subject of timid doubt or bold denial.

We may safely affirm, then, that man is a religious being; — a being who is not only capable of knowing God, but who has the innate, *congenital* germ of this knowledge implanted in the virgin soil of his soul; — a being, finally, who in the natural order of his own development becomes not only conscious of the existence of Deity and of his own capacity for worshipping and imitating him, and for union with him, but conscious also that there exists inherent in his own nature an inevitable necessity for such worship and imitation of God and union with him. And the fact that this conscious necessity has never slumbered as an abstract idea in the human mind, is the very fact that most constantly and prominently appears in the world's history, from the earliest ages to the present time. Judging, then, solely from history, we may safely affirm, that neither the consciousness of his own being, nor his perception of the visible world, nor his conception of the invisible God, is more natural to man than is his constant search after that God, and his life-long effort for union with him.

But this view leads us still further; and the conclusion which follows this part of our argument will prove the soundness of the argument itself. By the same law of his being which, as it were, compels man to strive for knowledge of God, and for union with him, he is led to turn that striving in a particular direction which connects the visible creation with the invisible Creator. He is led to look from and through nature up to nature's God. While with the natural eye he gathers an image of the work, with the spiritual eye he catches a glimpse of the invisible Worker, — an *idea* of God which in his own spirit finds at once its counterpart and hearty welcome.

The original, innate idea of God is thus at once completed and confirmed. The Invisible is made visible in his grandest form. For the creation is thus felt to be a formal manifestation of the Creator, who is thus in some measure reduced to the lowest comprehension. The consciousness of personal self-hood, which is involuntarily felt, and the Invisible, who is intuitively perceived, are both united in that which is externally seen. Man feels himself a part of nature; he feels no less that God is in nature, — that in it he has revealed and manifested himself. And he cannot but regard it as the common ground of his own union and sympathy with God. True, this union may not be close, this sympathy may not be perfect; but thus far it is the best possible, the only ground of union of man with God. In this common centre alone these three primary ideas are seen to meet and harmonize. This harmony is Religion; and this degree of harmony is Natural Religion.

The old controversy as to the innate or acquired origin of the idea of the Divine existence, can hardly be considered as yet finally settled. But metaphysicians appear more and more disposed to admit that there are innate ideas, and to regard the knowledge of God as one of the first. Reasoning *a priori*, it would seem incredible, on the one hand, that the Creator should have left the knowledge of so essential a truth to be discovered by human reason alone. And no less incredible, on the other hand, that he should directly force himself on the consciousness of his rational creatures. This reasoning is confirmed by the facts of experience, in which the Divine Being is seen to have secured to his creatures a knowledge of himself without endangering their moral freedom. Both reason and revelation incline us to the belief that he has implanted in every soul of man at least the *germ* of the idea of his own being; a germ which under surrounding influences will be naturally and spontaneously nourished into an assured belief, an unfailing faith. A brief review of the manner in which this *idea-germ* may thus be

developed, will at the same time illustrate God's manifestation of himself in nature, and the complex nature of that manifestation itself.

Take, for example, a man in the full possession of his faculties, but who has lived hitherto without any idea of God, and bring him for the first time in contact with the visible creation. He looks out upon the world and sees the various plants which spring up from the earth, and bud and blossom and bring forth fruit each after its own kind. He sees that they all spring from the earth, and are all sustained by it; and at first he has no hesitation in attributing them to the earth alone. But presently he looks a little farther. Not only does he see that the plants are nourished in part by water from the clouds, but he discovers that the heat and even the light from the sun are equally essential to their growth. It is evident that he cannot stop with the earth; she cannot be the final cause he seeks. Nor the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars; for these are neither so situated nor so independent of each other as to fulfil the requisite indications. But while he sees

"The cadent night  
Engirt the land and sea,  
And stars that in the infinite height  
Of heaven all shining be,"

his mind expands, and his profound attention is arrested. Day after day he looks with dazzled eye upon the sunlit sky; night after night, with an anxious and an unsatisfied spirit, he peers into the azure depths, where

"Grandly round the eternal arch,  
And o'er the paly steep,  
The order of their solemn march  
Those glimmering armies keep."

New and strange feelings come over him; unutterable emotions swell his soul. Already, instinctively, but unconsciously, he worships "the unknown God." A sense of ineffable Power steals over him,—an influence which seems to

pervade the steadfast skies, and to which he yields himself in trusting confidence, yet not without a half-conscious, earnest wish for clearer light. Has he not already prayed in his inmost soul to that unknown God that he would vouchsafe to him a clearer revelation of himself?

Baffled but not discouraged in his search after the final cause, he returns to the earth and its inhabitants. He marks the gradually ascending series of animals, from the lowest to the highest; he observes the wonderful arrangements by which they are abundantly supplied with their appropriate food; he notes the patient and intelligent industry of the little ants, the ingenious and skilful dwelling-places of the birds, the prudence of the bees, the cunning of the fox and panther, and the noble sagacity of the elephant; he reflects on the regularity of the seasons, on the alternation of night and day by the rising and setting of the sun, on the waxing and waning of the moon, which shines with the silent stars by night;—and the idea of an all-pervading Wisdom arises in his mind, and stands there side by side with that idea of Power, which at the first had well-nigh overwhelmed him. As he catches a vague and indefinite glimpse of the vast Intelligence within whose influence he dwells, he feels that he is himself advancing in knowledge. To this unseen Wisdom his own understanding involuntarily bows in profound respect. He is advancing in worship as well as in knowledge. And yet he is still unsatisfied. A something undefined, and to his feeble consciousness quite undefinable, is still wanting. But mindful of his past experience, his present craving is cheered by hope, and he turns to glean once more in the same field of nature from which he has already gathered so rich a harvest.

Nor does he turn in vain. For presently his eyes are opened, and he discovers a new and more glorious world around him. For the first time he sees a deep meaning in the affection of the brute mother for her helpless offspring. He sees the most savage beasts of prey become the most

kind and tender in their care of their little ones ; he sees the most timid and inoffensive defend their young with the boldest daring, and against the greatest odds. He sees in the still nobler forms of human love, as displayed in the various relations of domestic and social life, a new and higher meaning, a significance at once novel and profound. He sees in the whole earth the same affectionate care for its inhabitants that the nursing mother displays for the fruit of her womb. He sees that this kindly care is not confined to the earth alone ; she is not the sole parent. The genial warmth and cheering light of the sun are as grateful to the animate, as they are essential to the inanimate world. And in the comfort, joy, and happiness of the whole creation, and in his own delight in contemplating that universal felicity, he sees unmistakable evidence of an all-pervading kindness, tender affection, and fatherly love, whose idea at once assumes the vacant place beside that of Power and Wisdom, and with them completely fills and satisfies his mind. His whole soul is vivid with a most inexpressibly delightful sense of fulness and completeness. This last and highest idea of Love has not only called forth an answering emotion from his own affections, but has awakened his whole being in responsive sympathy to new and higher life.

In the presence of an unseen and mysterious Power, he had bowed in profoundest awe. The invisible but mighty Wisdom he had recognized and revered with a higher and a more hopeful feeling. But now his heart is warmed at the bare conception of the all-pervading Love, and at the first conscious recognition of its kindly influence melts in pure communion with the self-manifested Deity. There is no further room for fear. Even reverence is lost in love, — worship in communion. Still invisible to all mortal vision, but unknown no longer, the Final Cause, the great Creator, stands confessed and manifest, as Power, Wisdom, Love ; while his creature, man, rejoices in his Father and his God.

It is thus that the germ of the idea of God requires to be



cultivated and exercised. It is thus that it becomes as responsive to the quickening influences of nature, or rather of the manifestation of God in nature, as the seed-germs of plants to the genial light and heat of the sun. And the fact of man's being himself the handiwork of the same Creator, a manifestation of the same God, necessarily, though unconsciously, augments his capacity for recognizing God as manifest in the world around him. His own consciousness of strength unconsciously recognizes and responds to the manifestation of the Divine Power. His own intelligence alone enables him to read and interpret some small portion of the world-wide writing of the Divine Wisdom; and from the love-affections of his own heart alone is he able to form even the faintest conception of the infinite Divine Love which penetrates and pervades the universe of God.

It follows, then, that the fulness, completeness, and symmetry of each man's idea of God, as manifested in nature, will depend very much upon himself, and measurably correspond to his own higher or lower state. But this conclusion is capable of still further extension. For man, as constituting the noblest portion of creation, and as possessing at once the highest form of material organization, and an intellectual and moral constitution vastly superior to all other species of animate life, is himself the last and highest natural form of the Divine manifestation, — is himself a finite image of the Infinite God. Thus it happens that the idea of God, which, inborn in the soul, goes forth to be cultivated and nourished by observation of the world without, returns again to be confirmed and heightened by the study of the nobler world within. For the noblest, as well as the proper, study of mankind is man. Not because man is himself the worthiest object of his own contemplation, but because this study leads him more directly than any other to God, and surpasses all others in raising him to the sublimest conceptions of the Infinite Power, Wisdom, and Love. And these same principles, and these alone, which man first sees in nature, he finds re-

flected in himself, and in still greater intensity. And as his own higher or lower state enables him to recognize more or less of the Divinity which is manifested in the world without, so much the more will it increase or diminish his consciousness of the same Divine manifestation within himself.

But these three principles, which are thus seen to constitute the whole of our idea of God as derived from the observation of nature and as confirmed and heightened by the study of ourselves, and which comprise all we can learn of God from his manifestation of himself, must be understood to represent the totality of that manifestation. While the manifestation itself, incapable of being regarded either as false or as deceptive, must be accepted as conveying a correct though finite idea of the Infinite God. This brings us to the second part of our theme, "the *nature* of the Divine manifestation as thus seen," which, however, the want of space will compel us to treat very briefly. If we are permitted in general to reason from the creation to the Creator, how much more may we not reason from the manifestation to that which is manifested, as from a sign to the thing signified. Hence, we cannot but conclude that the three mighty principles, power, wisdom, love, which we see so universally displayed in the creation, must have been eternally pre-existent in the Creating Mind. And we must acknowledge a *triune* distinction in the essential, subjective Divine nature, which gives rise to and forms the basis of the corresponding *triunity* in the objective manifestation. By this we do not, with some, make the Divine Being subjectively one and objectively three; but one in person, in essence, and in substance, and yet *triune* in his essential spirit, and in every manifested form.

Here arises an objection which requires to be stated and removed. As Hume attempted, by denying the possibility of proving miracles, to cut the Gordian knot of Christianity which he found himself unable to solve, so do some who have made still greater progress in unbelief attempt to lay

the axe at the root of all faith and of all truth, by declaring that, even if there be an Infinite God, — which they pretend very much to doubt, — he must from the very infinity of his nature be not only incomprehensible, but absolutely and wholly incapable of being known by finite beings. The finite, say they, can as little discover as he can comprehend the Infinite. True, indeed. But this does not hinder the Infinite from manifesting himself, both exteriorly and interiorly; — just as we have seen that He does in fact. Nor yet is it necessary that we should comprehend the Infinite before we can obtain a valid knowledge of Him. Is not all our knowledge of finite objects as truly limited, both in kind and in degree, as is our knowledge of the Infinite? If our knowledge of the Infinite is confined to the perception of his objective qualities, so also is all our knowledge of finite objects. Of absolute, subjective existence, whether finite, if such were possible, or infinite, we know nothing. And if our knowledge of the Infinite, even as manifested and objective, is confessedly limited, so also is our knowledge of all finite objects, from a drop of water to a universe of worlds. We know but in part, as of the finite, so also of the Infinite. And that part, as well in the one case as in the other, relates wholly to the manifested, the revealed, the objective, and in no wise reaches the absolute, the essential, and the subjective. And yet, as that partial and relative, but still constantly increasing knowledge of the finite, amply suffices for our constantly increasing finite uses, — so may our imperfect and merely objective, but continually augmenting knowledge of the Infinite, be amply and for ever sufficient for all the necessities of an eternally progressive state.

All our knowledge of God,\* whether considered as originating in our own consciousness, as derived from the observation of nature, or from the reciprocal action and reaction of each on the other, is thus seen to be solely objective in kind,

---

\* In this paper we have purposely omitted reference to the knowledge of God as derived from the Divine revelation.

and comparative in degree. The absolute, the essential, while subjective only, that is, while unmanifest and unrevealed, must ever have remained unknown. For all finite uses, to all finite comprehension, the Essential Spirit, devoid of formal manifestation, is inconceivable, is a nonentity.

The noblest archangel who bows before the eternal throne, and worships in the near presence of the ineffable Majesty, alike with him who sees and worships God only in his most glorious earthly symbol, the sun, and with the dark-minded pagan who humbles himself before his brazen or his earthen idol, sees God only in an image, only in a manifested form; — a form which in the one case is truly celestial and divine, which in the other is still glorious, and which in the last is wholly unworthy; but which in every instance corresponds to the measure of light or of darkness which fills the worshipper's heart.

The archangel is but the finite brother of the Persian and the African; and their worship may be as true, as sincere, and, in itself considered, as worthy the Divine complaisance as his. Were the fire-worshipper admitted to the glory in which his angel brother dwells, his fabled vision would be at once and for ever destroyed. And were the sublime conceptions which swell his soul as he bows to the rising sun forced upon his brother of the clay idol, they would change his still feebler light to utter darkness. And thus all finite beings, whether human or angelic, see but the objective manifestation of the Infinite, which, varying in each world, is shown alike to the inhabitants of each; and of which they catch brighter or darker glimpses according to the brightness or darkness of their individual and spiritual vision.

The uncouth clay idol, before which the poor pagan kneels, is to him the representative form, the incarnation of his idea of God. Dark and unworthy as that idea may be, it is all that has been vouchsafed to him, — it is all of which he is capable in his present state.

To the fire-worshippers of the East, the sun appears the

only worthy object of worship; since its glorious light and heat, and the mighty power of their united influence, symbolize to their minds the Love, and Wisdom, and Power which compose their idea of God.

So to the Christian believer, Jesus Christ, the "Son of Man," the "Son of God," "God manifest in the flesh," appears not merely "a great mystery of godliness," but a truly Divine manifestation; in which the Christian himself sees more and more of the Divinity, as he advances farther and higher in the Divine light and life.

And so, finally, "the Lamb," "the glory of God," which in the highest heavens is the glorious and spiritual objective manifestation of the still invisible Jehovah, reveals more or less of His Infinite Majesty to angels and archangels, to cherubim and seraphim, according to their higher or lower state of reception.

Here, then, is to be found the only truthful and finally satisfactory solution of what has been termed "the insoluble problem" of the knowledge of God. He is at once known, and yet unknown; seen, and yet unseen; manifest, and yet unmanifest. In his subjective essence He is still the invisible Jehovah; and yet in his objective substance He has clothed himself in a glorious manifestation at once finite and infinite, and revealed himself in symbolic, representative forms, suited to the various capacities of angels and of men.

J. H. P. F.

---

#### A SKETCH.

In one of Bayard Taylor's charming letters to "The New York Tribune," he describes an interview which he had with Leigh Hunt, at his little cottage at Hammersmith. The aged poet, white-haired, and of feeble frame, shows to the young and brave American traveller a curious collection of

locks of the hair that has waved around the brow of many a famous poet. With reverent hand he lifts a tress of silky fibres, and says, "Touch it, and you will have touched Milton's self."

Sitting here in my little room, I think how much I would like to have touched that lock of hair; and then I think of the kingly head it adorned, and how very much I would like to stand by the grave where that kingly head is laid low. But I know that it may not be. I shall never touch the hair that once shaded Milton's sightless orbs, — I shall never breathe a prayer by the side of the earth that covers Milton's mortality. I am sorry for it. It does us good to draw near any memorials, which the true and strong have left us. And yet I do not murmur, for in the drawer of my table I have laid away some locks of hair; and although the world has no word to say as to their histories, they will perchance help me as much in my road to heaven as would any relics of Shakespeare or Milton. Lift them carefully from their resting-places, for, with Leigh Hunt, we would remember, "There is a life in hair, though it be dead."

And now that I take these few threads of silver, my thoughts travel far away, so that I hear no longer the ceaseless moaning of the sea, but stand in a country graveyard, so high up among the mountains of New Hampshire that I look down on the sources of the Merrimack. At my feet is a grass-grown grave, — and although fame brings no garland for this tombstone, and beauty and genius have no right by its side, here, in this quiet nook, sleeps one whom John Milton would have taken by the hand, and bidden a God-speed to her labors. Years ago the owner of these white locks — (then they were dark, and heavy, O youth! as your own) — stood by the altar, and spoke the words that made her the wife of the man who here sleeps by her side. The worldly goods of the young couple were of no great account, but they possessed what was far better,

much love for each other, and willing minds to work. An humble home was ready for them, and the husband tilled the rough mountain land of his little farm. As they were Christians, both of them, all their appointed tasks were done cheerfully and well. Time went on. Many bright, brave boys made the fields echo with their loving calls of father and mother. This father and mother were not possessed of much learning in the world's acceptance of the term, but they revered education, as do all New-Englanders, — and many times they consulted and prayed together to know how they could obtain intellectual wealth for their sons. And as the father told of the little fund he had been laying aside, ever since he paid the last cent on the mortgage, and the mother spoke very softly of her own small savings and earnings, they felt that, with God's blessing, their way was clear. But God had his own plans. One winter's night, kind neighbors stepped across the threshold, bearing in their arms the prostrate form of the husband and father. He had been felling a tree in the woods; in its fall it struck him upon the head, and instead of life was death. I will not meddle with the grief of that wife. Christ alone knows the bitter agony of her lonely days and nights. But she had work to do; her children were all young; there was nobody to see to anything but herself; so she took up the burden her husband had laid down, and, in field as well as house, strove to do her duty.

Before the mind of that sorrowing widow there was ever present the wish of her husband. All her energies were directed to this, and one by one, as her boys grew, she infused into them her own spirit, told them how, in the best sense of the term, knowledge was power, and how anything was possible to those who were willing to pay the price for it. She mortgaged the farm again, — she saved, and taught the sons to save; and when an inquisitive neighbor asked her "why she did not permit herself the usual luxury of a carpet on her parlor," instead of seeking to conceal her economy,



she answered, in her homely phrase, "that she preferred to carpet her children's brains."

Of course, the ambitious sons, and the still more ambitious mother, found friends. People who help themselves always do. The minister taught them Greek and Latin, and even in haying time you might have seen the youth who but a few moments before was contending with a full-grown man, as to strength and skill in swinging the scythe, mastering, as he ate his simple dinner, some puzzling Greek verb or Latin noun. At last the whole family (as one might say) fitted the two elder ones for college; and when they had presented themselves at Dartmouth, and passed examination, the good Professor wrote their proud mother that no two young men stood higher among all that day admitted into the College. Once there, they worked well. The mother at home was toiling for them; the younger brothers were watching them proudly, yearning to stand by their sides; and they said to each other, "Not long shall our mother toil for us; it will be our turn soon. Not long shall the brothers wait; as they have done to us, even so will we do to them." They taught in the long vacations, they kept singing-schools, they assisted the Professors by hearing less advanced students, so that upon the day they took their degrees they could say they owed no man anything; but, as they told the white-haired President, what they owed their mother only eternity could reveal. One felt the pulpit to be his place; the other went into a lawyer's office. He paid his way from the very first, and, even before he was admitted to the bar, was able each year to eke out his mother's scanty purse. Ask the younger brothers if they too were not remembered. Before the weary head of the mother rested in death, one of her boys was doing his Master's work on the plains of India; while fame had blown the lawyer's name into almost every corner of his country, and everywhere the name was known as a synonyme of power and honor and truth. One, at his merchant's desk,

was counting his thousands, where his mother had counted her dollars; and still another was speaking true and noble words as a Christian editor. Never, for a moment, did they forget their mother; morning and evening prayers went up from their several households, that the good God would bless her, and keep her with them many years.

The prayers were answered, for the winds and snows of eighty winters, and the sunlight and peace of as many summers, each left their mark upon her face and figure, ere she went home to heaven. When Death came for her, he found her in the splendid home of the merchant; and before she gave her children her last blessing, she told them her body must rest by the side of her husband, near her mountain home. She would allow no costly stone to mark the place of her sleep;—only her name and age to be carved under the name of her husband, on the moss-grown stone she had placed there so many years ago. She has gone, but in all the homes where she was known her name will live as an ever-abiding lesson “to do with your might what your hands find to do.”

Ah, that other tress! Well do you call it iron-gray, and perhaps to you it looks hard and stiff; but to me it tells of a nature warm and loving, almost tropical in its eagerness and passion. It breathes not of the toils of a mother for her children, or the sorrows of a wife for her husband; for the heart of this woman never thrilled to those sweet and wondrous names. I knew her as a young girl, loving and beloved. The story of her life is only the common one; we all know it. With all the intensity of her nature, she gave her heart to a man who promised to value it as it deserved, and to love her for ever. *For ever* meant no more with him than it does with most men; he saw a face he liked better, said so, and as that face was shrewd enough to marry him before he found one he fancied still more, the letters asking a release from his engagement came but a few mails in advance of the papers that announced his marriage.

These things are easy enough to write about, but the weariness, the crushing sorrow, in which they place the heart, is not so easily told. But pride and resolution came to this girl's rescue. There was no sighing, to tell the world of her sorrow; but though pride and resolution could hide the wound, they could not heal it; they could only make the heart endure life, not love it. So for years it went on seeking for peace, and for ever bearing about its burden of unrest. One day it bent very low at the foot of a blood-stained cross. And when it arose and went its way, the burden was left behind, and from that time, although not rejoicing, it was by no means sad. God gave that heart many deeds of kindness to do; many prayers to breathe by the bedsides of the dying poor; and every one He counted as a cup of cold water given to some of his little ones. It worked as only such a heart could work; and when at last its quick beating was stilled, loud was the lamentation of the village. So loving, so glorious had been its life, so peaceful, so pleasant was its end, that the name of "Old Maid" became from that time forth a title of honor in many a young and happy heart.

The one lying next tells me a noble story. It once rested on the brow of one who was as high in heart as he was rich in gold. He was never known to do a mean thing; no man ever said, even to himself, that he had defrauded him. By the meanness of one whom he loved and trusted, his great property was swept away, and in his fall many others were ruined. He cared not so much for himself, but most deeply did he feel for others; and on bended knees, he said that, with God's help, he would pay them every mill. Nothing was kept back from his creditors, and, after removing his family into an humble house, he exiled himself from them, and worked night and day to pay his debts. He was succeeding, as only those who are resolute and have the right on their side ever do succeed, and in one year more every cent would be paid, and he would be a free man again. With

this glad news he was hastening home in a crowded steamer. He was standing upon deck, when the fearful cry came, "The boat is on fire!" He might have saved himself, but such as he never leave helpless women and tender children to suffer and die alone. If he could not save them, he could die trying to. The waters of that rapid river spared not the true and noble spirit, and when his body drifted upon its green shores, no voice answered to loving calls, and no lip moved to the tender caress. "It is God!" we murmured; all other words are meaningless at such a time.

Lovingly you are winding around your finger that curl of glossy brown, but not half so lovingly as I was wont to wind its sister curls, as they fluttered about the face of her who was once my dearest friend. She was a school-friend of mine, very beautiful, very talented, and very proud. Childhood's hopes and girlhood's dreams passed for us both, and through all those years no hasty words, no doubt or distrust, had come between our hearts. At last the day came when our two ways separated, and she went out into the world to gain her own place. By and by rumor sought me out, and told me my friend was winning much fame as a brilliant, original writer. But I knew it before; her own letters had told me of every new success, and I was very proud of her, and we loved each other more and more. Then her letters were short, and sometimes cold; and the next time rumor knocked at my door, it told me that my friend was about to marry a very rich man, and that many women were not slow to say she was marrying herself to him on account of his gold. I drove the slanderer indignantly from my presence. But I was mistaken. She had crushed back the love of her youth. I wrote her very tenderly, beseeching her to stop, and consider what a fearful thing it was to act a lie. Perhaps my words sounded harsh, for I was young then, and could not conceive how a woman could do such a thing; at any rate, she answered me coldly, proudly, telling me she would hear no remonstrances. Now I hear of her at New-

port and Saratoga, or read a brilliant, dashing article from her pen; but her path in life never crosses even for a moment the way in which I am walking. Death itself could not divide us more. And sometimes, when I look at this glossy tress, all these bitter thoughts crowd into my mind, and I say, "I will keep it no longer." Then a whisper comes to my ears: "Are you not unreasonable? Is it not a good thing for a Christian thus to know how slight are the ties that bind human hearts, so that he fasten his own close to the Divine? What though you two walk no longer together, — can you not walk the closer to Christ?" And the words are good; but every night I pray that the heart so dear to me may not lose all its purity, all its lowliness; that, although we meet not on earth, we may stand side by side in heaven.

Other locks of hair are before me, but I see them not, for my eyes are blinded by my tears; and through these tears I see only my mother's holy face and my sister's laughing eye, the bent form of my aged father and the manly figure of my young brother. One by one they left me; my weak arms could not keep them; my breaking heart brought them not back; and now I am only waiting to go to them. Yet while I wait, the lesson of these lives and these *graves* shall keep me faithful, and patient, so that the "Well done!" which was their welcome may be mine.

A. M. S.

---

#### THE LAST ROSE.

THE Rose awaits your coming,  
And late it blooms for you;  
The bee around it humming  
Ne'er dares to taste its dew,  
But sighing sings, This precious wine  
Blushes for other lips than mine!

Unto its fragrant bower  
The parting sunlight steals,  
And in that tender hour  
Its gentle love reveals :  
"O loving light of day's decline,  
I bloom for other lips than thine!"

Thither with fond caressing  
The trembling starlight hies ;  
Thither with purest blessing  
The shadowy moonlight flies :  
"O fairest rays in heaven that shine,  
I bloom for other lips than thine!"

O lips of precious sweetness !  
O eyes of tender light !  
O soul whose rare completeness  
Is radiance in my sight !  
This flower more pure than light divine  
Is all too base for lips like thine !

Yet in thy bosom wear it, —  
'T will gather sweetness there, —  
And with thy face compare it  
Till it learn to bloom more fair.  
In heaven the highest angel's shrine  
Less worthy is to me than thine !

Ah ! in thy bosom planted  
The humblest flower would bloom,  
And in that realm enchanted  
Exhale unused perfume.  
So will this budding love of mine  
If planted in a heart like thine !

E. M.

## THE GREAT DISCRIMINATION.

Is there good ground in the nature of man, in reason as well as revelation, for the distinction made by the prophet between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not? Is there a radical difference between different individuals on the matter of personal religion? Do any definite boundaries separate the one class from the other? Some suppose this distinction altogether imaginary. They believe all are essentially good, — all have their faces set towards the kingdom of Heaven. None are so decidedly worldly-minded and corrupt as to deserve the name of sinners, in contradistinction from another class to be termed Christians.

In approaching this topic, I make the general remark, that there are a multitude of subjects in regard to which we are daily making distinctions between our fellow-men. As respects their outward condition, we draw a line of separation, and speak of the rich and the poor, the prospered and the unfortunate, the honored and the obscure; and we find no difficulty in establishing these divisions. Nay, we often subdivide them, and advert to one as in good circumstances, another as wealthy, a third as very rich, and a fourth as having an immense property. And we divide the opposite class, in like manner, into the needy, the poor, and the abjectly poor, or paupers. Now if it be possible, nay, not difficult, when we know the outward estate of another, to say to which of these classes he belongs, why may we not decide whether we ourselves are righteous or wicked, servants of God or not? Is it not less difficult to judge whether religion occupies the supreme place in our hearts, than to say of our neighbor whether he has so much of this world's goods as to be properly termed rich, or so little as to be meetly termed very poor, or simply poor?

We have cases still more in point than this. Nothing is



more common than to divide mankind according as they possess or not the particular individual virtues. We separate each by his title, the honest from the dishonest, the generous from the niggardly, the mean from the magnanimous, the wise from the simple, the idle from the industrious, and thus on indefinitely.

But now, how much honesty shall entitle one to the name of an honest man? How many hard bargains may a man drive, and what advantage may he take of the ignorance or inability of others, before we shall pronounce him a dishonest man? What number of wise actions must one perform ere we give him the name of a wise man? With how many follies, indiscretions, and infirmities must a person be charged before he ought to be termed simple? Is it not impossible to draw the line in these cases, or to decide who are idle and who diligent, who generous and who covetous, or whether one is gay or sober? No one contends that it is; we do all, and quite readily too, assign to our neighbors their respective rank among each of these classes.

Are there, then, no boundaries or divisions whatever on the subject of personal religion? Is it an error to say one is a Christian in this sense, and another is not, and that we ourselves must belong either to this or that class? Must we on this great theme obliterate all lines, and say that no one is either righteous or wicked, or that all are journeying straight toward heaven?

"But *religion*," it may be replied, "differs from all other subjects in this respect. It relates to inward, invisible transactions, to emotions and experiences of the heart, and consequently we cannot determine whether an individual is religious or not. These secret and subtile processes of the inner man can never be so analyzed that the world may be divided into the holy and the unholy." True, I answer, the heart is the seat of religion; its kingdom is within us. Yet are there not other matters beside this which may engage our affections, and still be subjects for the very discrimina-

tion in question? There certainly are; we are capable of loving one another; the domestic bonds and the social relations all occupy the heart, the same seat or organ, so far as the affections are concerned, in which personal piety is to be sustained. And how is it with these? We can judge when an earthly object interests our affections; we do not find it impossible to decide whether we really love husband or wife, father, mother, brother, sister, or child. No, never; we can tell readily whether a friend enlists our affections. The line can be drawn here; a division can be satisfactorily made into those who love their parents and those who do not; we can most easily distinguish between the son who obeys his father from the heart, and him who does not. Why, then, should not God separate between those who truly love and serve him and those who are inwardly disobedient, irreligious, sinners? Why should not our own hearts, when honestly interrogated, answer, and answer rightly, to which of these classes we belong?

It may be objected to our position, that the righteous and the wicked, as above distinguished, do not constitute the whole world, in any event. There are many persons not very good, not good enough to be called righteous, absolute saints, and many too not very sinful, not enough so to be called by that harsh epithet wicked, or sinners, as set apart from the other class. The far larger proportion of persons are on middle ground, men and women of fair morals, and having nothing remarkable, either right or wrong, in their characters. "You can draw no dividing line between them; it would be manifestly unjust that a little more goodness should carry one to heaven, and a little less sink him to perdition."

But let us not be deceived in this matter. For though there may be to appearance this large company of neutrals, yet the Gospel shows that often a great gulf, deep and impassable, runs between men to whom erring mortals would allot the same spiritual condition. It may never be forgotten, that religion is not an affair of the external man alone;

its delights are in the unseen, interior part of our nature. It inquires, not how we conduct ourselves in human estimation, but before the eye of the Omniscient One. We are commanded by it to place our hearts with their strongest affections upon Him. If we do this, — his Holy Spirit helping us, as it always will, — then we are religious; and so long as we have not done it, we are destitute of personal religion.

Now mark the clear distinction; take the case of one of unquestioned sobriety, honor, and benevolence, of that fair moral character, neither righteous by eminence, you would say, nor yet by any means wicked. Such a person, it is evident, may be wholly indifferent to the solemn interests of eternity. He may have never offered a prayer to God, and never performed one act in his life simply because God had enjoined it, and because he so loved that pure Being that he burned to do his will. Such persons are sometimes outwardly decent and proper in deportment, while, could we penetrate their interior man, we should see that their controlling motives were founded in education, habit, or a regard to popular customs and human favor, — or in a reliance on their Christian privileges instead of a Christian consciousness and life; or it may be they were resting in the self-complacent conclusion that they were as good as most of their neighbors.

Should the arguments thus far deduced seem inconclusive, I leave reasoning and appeal to an authority clear and supreme. The Bible speaks unequivocally of a radical difference between two great classes it names and everywhere recognizes. Go back to Genesis, and you find Abel pronounced a righteous man, while Cain is called a sinner. The one loved and served God, the other did not. Moses, throughout all his writings, preserves a broad demarcation between these, as friends of Jehovah, and those, as aliens from him. All the inspired teachers, — he the wisest of the old Hebrews, the Psalmist of Israel, the major and the minor

Prophets, — all these writers, whatever be their special theme, whether history or biography, whether they utter themselves in prose or verse, — all unite in this one point: "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him; but woe unto the wicked." When the coming of the Divine Saviour was foretold, a part of mankind, it was said, would receive, and a part would reject him. And these two classes were to embrace *all* who heard him. There was no neutral class, none to whom he would prove the cause neither of salvation nor perdition. Not all, it is true, would mock or personally insult him, nor yet blaspheme his holy name. But every one would be either for or against him. On this side would be raised the standard of belief, and on that the standard of unbelief or scepticism, and every one would in heart, if not openly, repair either to the one or the other.

And when our Lord himself came, he continued, and determinately maintained, the great distinction in question. He everywhere recognized some as holy and others as unholy. "Except a man be born again," is his solemn language, "he cannot see the kingdom of God." In all his allusions to the day of judgment and the final condition of mankind hereafter, he keeps this partition-wall high and firm. They that have done good are to be raised up to life or blessedness; and they that have done evil will rise to condemnation. When the Son of Man comes in his glory, "he shall gather all nations," — mark the extent of this office, — "*all* nations before him." No place is left for neutrals, — a class partly believers and partly unbelievers. "He shall separate them," we read, "one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left." Who can doubt, after reading language like this from the lips of Him who knew the secret heart of man, whether all are either carnally-minded or spiritually-minded? If any truth is made certain by nature and revelation both, then the doctrine of regeneration is true.

An objection may be raised to our position, of this kind: "It is not practically true that any man is a saint so perfect as your doctrine would make him." We admit no one is a saint while in the body; imperfection, error, and sin cling to us all. And it is equally true that no man in the flesh is a demon, a mass of utter pollution. Every human being has some good, and some evil too, in his composition and character. In many outward respects the lives of men correspond to one another. They are not seldom so moulded by circumstances, or habit, or fashion, that mortal man, as he looks on them, cannot decide which is the regenerate and which the unregenerate. God reserves to himself that sacred prerogative, and that with good reason; for could we read the heart of our brother as clearly as the Omniscient eye, evil must unavoidably ensue from it. To see the sinfulness of the sinner, would often foster in the righteous a spiritual pride; while it could only dishearten the impenitent, if it did not drive them to despair, to discover how far they, in some respects, fall below the true followers of Christ. But though unseen by the eye of man, there really exists a great gulf between the holy and the unholy. We may not be conscious yet of our own need of the new birth; but we do need it, if it has no place in our past history. We need it none the less from the mournful fact, that,

"While flesh and sense and passion reign,  
Sin is the sweetest good;  
We fancy music in our chain,  
And so forget the load."

Having now determined the main question before us, with what interest must each ask himself, "On which side of this grand dividing line do *I* now stand?" Your thoughts, perhaps, revert to the past, and you can think of no moment in which you passed from death unto life. The tenor of your life has been even free from all sudden excitements and remarkable changes. But be not for this reason alone despondent. Ask not what you have experienced at

any particular moment, nor what you have ever passed through, but what you now *are*. What is the prevailing current of my affections? Which do I most enjoy, spiritual or worldly meditations? Do I take pleasure in searching the Scriptures and applying them to my personal condition? Have I a taste for sacred pursuits, so much so that prayer is not wholly neglected, nor yet an irksome task? Is the Sabbath a pleasure, or is it a weariness to my spirit? Am I living supremely for time or for eternity? Does God frequently enter my thoughts, and seem to be moving over my daily life? Is it my highest conscious wish to do and to bear his holy will? My heart must be, in the nature of things, controlled by some one ruling sentiment, and some reigning principle. Am I a servant of God or a servant of sin? If, when I do wrong, I care only for personal consequences, and am not grieved because I have sinned against my Father in heaven, then I need to be created anew in Christ Jesus.

We may not feel a conscious enmity toward God, and still our hearts may be as cold toward him as the mountain glacier. Perhaps we hesitate and waver; we are irresolute and timid, waiting for a more convenient season to turn to the living God. We are trying to soothe conscience, and imagining that some day business or domestic cares will be less pressing, or that sickness, old age, or the near prospect of death will bring us easily to the foot of the cross. If this be our condition, then it is mournfully certain on which side of the great dividing line we now stand. With our present dispositions and tastes, heaven would not be heaven to us; we have no relish for those spiritual employments and pleasures which constitute its very essence.

But if, on the other hand, we habitually desire and seek to please God, loving him with our whole heart, acquiescing sweetly in his great purposes and dealings with us; if Christ is formed within us, our honored Master, our divine and all-sufficing Redeemer; and if we are leading lives full

of love to others, and radiant with self-sacrifice ; or rather, if this is our aim and steadfast endeavor, — then we are born of the Holy Spirit, and heirs of the heavenly grace. Our name has been erased from the dark record of the unregenerate, and written in the Lamb's book of life. God help us to pray and strive that we may enter in at the strait gate.

A. B. M.

---

MISTAKEN METHODS: ANOTHER SIDE OF THE  
QUESTION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

"Surely our best good  
Is somewhere to be found !"

"No wasted strength can lead us toward our goal."

GOETHE.

WE desire the freedom and independence of the individual, as the first and highest result of the education of women. This liberty should be the privilege of every woman ; but it is neither just nor reasonable that she should enjoy it, as she very often does, by neglecting her natural sphere of duty, or by taking up the foreign relations of society before she is fitted for household cares. The ground of much of this dissipation of the energies lies in the hard and constant labor of daily life, which gives a false charm to occupations which appear more profitable than household labor ; yet it is to be regretted, that, when women do earn anything by their own exertions, it is very likely to be wasted upon dress and vanity. And while the simplicity of the mind disappears, contentment with family cares and joys vanishes also ; and a desire for gain and a striving after outside pleasures characterize in our own day the world of young women, depriving them of their truest charms. The natural sphere of labor for any young woman is undoubtedly within



her own home circle ; here, when her school-days are over, is she to prepare herself for her future life ; and we believe that, if she be resolved to find useful occupation in her own family, it will seldom be denied her. There is no womanly obligation so universally disregarded as this ; young girls very often forget that they owe these family duties to mothers, sisters, and brothers, as much as they will ever owe them to a husband, and that they are in honor bound to do something for the welfare and comfort of home.

Such an education as we desire would aid at this crisis in leading back these recreants to their duty, by its quickening of their consciences and judicious regulation of their intellectual powers, giving to them that just regard to the claims of home and of society which rightly belongs to a modest and simple mind. Granted that the period of school-education reaches to the eighteenth year,—this is not the end of mental culture ; it is simply the foundation of a structure for whose building a lifetime is none too long ; and with the widening sphere of a woman's labors, there should be joined an earnest desire for constant increase of knowledge, instead of a childish joy at freedom from school restraints. Those young ladies who marry when they are eighteen, or even earlier than this, need not object to this theory ; we are not speaking of exceptions, but of the rule. There are too many cases, we know, in which a stern necessity compels young women to earn their own living, instead of pursuing their studies ; but there are thousands of others who neglect the improvement of their minds from mere vanity and indolence.

They who have neither understanding nor love for household duties, who know nothing of the pleasure which arises from their alternation with intellectual pursuits,—these are they who seek after out-door occupations to free themselves from the distasteful routine of the family, or at least to compensate for their unwilling fulfilment. Thus we see many young ladies in easy circumstances, who engage in lucrative

employments, that ought rather to leave them for their poorer sisters, who need them for the earning of their daily bread. Every evening, whole hosts of these young women may be seen carrying their work to the embroidery shops, and, because their real wants are all supplied, satisfy their imaginary ones by exchanging their wares for costly dresses, which are entirely unsuited to their position in life, and which they would never attain by any honorable means. The whole thing speaks for itself; of course they can afford to work for half the price that a poor seamstress would be obliged to ask in order to supply herself with the mere necessities of life. But what is all this to the shop-keeper? He very naturally gives the work to those who ask least pay; and thus it is often impossible for a poor girl, who depends wholly upon her needle, to get the means of an honest livelihood.

But to satiate their insane thirst for display, they would rather endure the fatigue of this useless toil, rob the poor of their rights and themselves of spiritual riches, than deny the cravings of vanity and learn to live within their means. If we enter a family where this state of things prevails, we shall seldom find contentment within its borders. The sisters watch each other with envious eyes; they grudge every moment which they sacrifice to the common good; every household work is reluctantly and unfaithfully done; only the necessities of living are attended to; there is no time for taste or beauty, time is so precious,—for is there not money to be gained? “Mine and Thine” profane the sanctuary of home, and divide these youthful hearts.

It is very natural that there should be no talk, in such a family, concerning spiritual interests; the cold grasp of avarice and vanity is laid upon all noble aspirations. Young women, whose simple round of home duties would give them ample time for a generous mental culture, that would keep their minds fresh and cheerful and content, grow before their time into care-worn old women, whose

vanished charms can never be restored by silks and satins or point lace, while they are destitute of that immortal beauty which a kindly spirit and a well-taught mind can bestow on the homeliest face and form.

Beside these lady-seamstresses, we see a still greater number of youthful governesses, who, in most cases, are driven from the home fireside only by their aversion to the toils and cares of their own family life. It has lately become the fashion to educate young women for teachers, while perhaps five out of every hundred have no call of circumstance or natural aptitude for this responsible situation. Besides, this fitness for teaching is commonly found only in the later years of life, when the mind has come to maturity, and its impulses can be relied upon as safe and faithful guides. And also the desire of every young woman for a happy home of her own is too deeply rooted in human nature to be disregarded; and it is an undoubted fact, that these self-chosen callings of woman unfit her for the true mission of woman in her own house. Every young girl should understand the common household duties of woman, before she is allowed to choose a special calling and enter upon its duties. Nor can the pretension be justified, in the minds of sensible persons, when a young person of eighteen or twenty years of age is represented to be a competent instructor of the young. By means of this false system, we often find young women in the middle rank of society as ignorant and unskilled in all practical affairs as any princess in the world. Yet these very young women, so soon as they have a desirable opportunity, return to the household life; and it very often happens that theoretic teachers, even if quite learned, make the worst housekeepers and the most injudicious mothers, because they are not complete women, but merely good teaching-machines. But a deeper insight into the whole matter often shows that the period of education is altogether too short which these young teachers give to their own preparation. It is amusing to see advertise-

ments in the daily papers, containing a list of the accomplishments of some would-be governess of eighteen, for whose acquisition ten years more of study would hardly suffice. We cannot be too careful of our examination into this matter, for the evil which these incompetent instructors have done in the world is too well known.

The education of strangers' children is the most difficult calling upon which a woman or a man can possibly enter, and yet it is often intrusted to immature, untaught children, whose age and whose attainments might well demand some further instruction for themselves. Our young women's education should always have in view the absolute necessity of thorough preparation for a narrow sphere of womanly activity, that they may be competent to fill a wider one whenever they shall be called upon to do so. And what shall we say of that unnatural haste in which the youthful mind is furnished only with superficial knowledge of such a variety of sciences, and, thus armed for the most important vocation, is sent forth into the world, into a fashionable society, whose influence is sufficient to overcome and destroy the whole inward worth of a naturally pure and truthful soul?

It is, however, very often only discontent and spiritual pride which sends so many young women thus prematurely into social life, and this without any necessity for leaving their natural home relations. They think themselves too good to busy themselves with household duties; they prefer to play the fine lady, and become mere appendages of the fashionable world. It is far oftener this motive which entices a young girl from home, than a real desire to do anything useful; in early youth, many persons do not see far enough into the true relations of things to be content with common things. And how shall these hot-house plants be reset in the soil of home, — these young women whose best years and freshest powers have been sacrificed in the service of a cold and often ungrateful world?

In that very time of life when all the powers of man should be in their fullest, ripest perfection, they feel themselves exhausted, worn out, tried beyond their strength, disinclined to old pursuits, unable to enjoy the life of home, and more unwilling than ever to content themselves with simple duties and pleasures. Let every young girl, therefore, consider herself truly fortunate who is not obliged to leave her home in early life; let her remain quietly in the retirement of her native place, until she has really the power to bear the trials of a world of strangers, and to fulfil the arduous duty which she has chosen.

Few women are really fitted to become prudent and faithful educators, before they are twenty-five years old. This period of life may suffice to bestow upon them a sound discretion and a consistent culture. In the circle of knowledge, one talent more or less is of small consequence, if the development is harmonious, and has not failed of its due influence upon the heart and character. Instructors and instructresses, that can teach this thing and that, are everywhere to be found; but it is not so easy to find the clear, calm insight, the simplicity of mind, the spirit free from prejudice, the social worth, which alone can enable a man or woman to be a faithful teacher. Such as these are really entering upon life, in which the heart has already its store of experience, and beats more peacefully than the erring heart of youth, and really have in their souls a true desire for the happiness and welfare of others. We would not repress the ardor of any young woman who has a real aptitude for the vocation of a teacher; but the truth is self-evident, the tree while it is in blossom bears no fruit; first let there be a thorough training of the mind, and then the world will ripen this aptitude into a full ability to teach.

An older woman, thoroughly educated, will seldom fall into that ludicrous pedantry and stiff school-wisdom by which so many governesses betray their profession. Such instructors will not merely teach, not merely govern and

punish, but will really educate, in the broadest meaning of that comprehensive word. But to educate in this sense is a holy and beautiful calling, however many persons, especially those of the male sex, may ridicule and despise elderly governesses. This vocation is noble, it is truly poetic, it brings forth the fairest blossoms of good works; and the teacher will never be really lovable and benevolent until she has rightly learned to teach. Of the many who seize upon this high privilege, few are its chosen votaries; and the undue haste with which it is often begun, is justly followed by an unfortunate end. If a young woman is obliged to leave her home and support herself by teaching, let her seek some place as an elementary instructor, where she can be aided by the supervision of a principal, and have opportunity at the same time to pursue her own studies. Prudent parents are every day more unwilling to commit their children wholly to the care of youthful teachers; and if they themselves obtain a position which they are not fitted to hold, what are all their honors but splendid misery? It is one of the first duties which an educator owes herself, that through her knowledge and her character she may be able to live down all false charges against her, and afford that true heart-culture to her pupils which they often so greatly need.

There is still another class of instructors, to whom it must be objected that they begin too late, instead of too early. After a thoughtless and frivolous youth, their better self awakes, and their desire for mental occupation; or, which is far oftener the case, some reverse of circumstances compels them to seek a subsistence. With these, as with the class previously spoken of, learning is a means, not an end; they hastily gather their materials together in the course of two or three years, and so the most of these maidens, though they have certainly a mature mind, have neither a thorough knowledge nor a consistent culture. We should commend our children to the care of neither of these classes

of teachers; but rather to one who has been thoroughly trained by quiet study and faithful adherence to duty, undisturbed by anxiety for the future, until, when the right time came, she came forth from her retirement, ready for the duties of life, among her fellow-men.

Let us never forget, however, that the first and nearest duty of woman is found in the family circle. So long as she has an earnest work to do there, let her not neglect it for the sake of outside reward. There are impulses towards undue action, which require as much charity as their opposites. We remember here the words of Goethe: "When the rose adorns itself, it adorns the garden also." A cultured, amiable young girl is an ornament to any circle, a treasure in any family; when prosperous circumstances permit, she remains quietly in her place; and if her presence be not absolutely indispensable, this does not render her discontented with her lot, until some change of fortune sends her from her home, or her nearest duties are transferred to another. This is the radical difference between the education of man and of woman, and, viewed in its true light, this difference is just and right,—that she is not bound to an exact and one-sided knowledge of some special science, but may be clothed in that complete armor of the spirit which no evil fortune can terrify or overcome.

One thing more we desire to impress upon the young mind,—that the vocation of a teacher should never be sought by one who has not the requisite natural gifts. In this as in all things, it is only a modest self-knowledge which will gain the whole, and not half the blessing. A good housewife is a thousand times better, in the eyes of all men, than a poor governess. There may be great knowledge, and great talents, without the natural ability of imparting them to others; and why might not a woman, in this case, make her household skill as useful to others as her mental gifts?

It is pride alone which deludes a refined and well-educated young woman with the idea that such a position is un-



worthy of her. Surely nothing is unworthy which brings us a help to honest living, and there are many families who would joyfully receive a *cultured* assistant in their household. A faithful mother who educates her own children is a far more welcome sight than a fine governess. Thus an earnest endeavor will never fail of the means of support, if the days of youth are not spent in empty vanities.

We ought to mention in this connection the newly-awakened disposition in our own sex towards convent life, which is so common amongst us at the present day. The overstrained religious enthusiasm from which this movement usually springs, can only be rightly met by an enlightened education, which shall render the path of duty clear to a young woman's mind. How one-sided is that virtue which day after day chains an intelligent girl to the bedside of the sick and dying, while those who have been trained for this very purpose are deprived of their rightful employment, and the parents or brothers and sisters of the fair sister of charity are left to a stranger's help and a stranger's pity! Any system which, although it rest partly upon the basis of pure love of humanity, is yet dependent upon the word "Fashion," will be of necessity a frivolous one, and must eventually fall beneath the power of truth. When a poor, afflicted heart, and a weary spirit, seek to gain new courage for life in these duties of charity, who shall scorn the sacrifice? But when a young lady, well educated, but ignorant of the world, forsakes her nearest duties to turn her attention to this foreign mission, then we can call it nothing but fanaticism and folly.

We must profit by the talent intrusted to us, and not bury it in the earth; and how can it be according to right reason, that we forsake the spiritual throne bestowed on us by a generous culture for a merely mechanical employment? For this nurse-duty must at last become mechanical; the eye will become accustomed, in course of time, to the most horrible sights, and the charitable sisters might cease to be

really merciful, even if they were not themselves stretched upon beds of sickness.

Surely it often demands a higher courage to work firmly and quietly in a small circle, than to leave home suddenly with a flourish of trumpets, to play a part, while this public piety embraces a calling which is never a criterion of human worth, but very often only of the abilities of the individual benefactor.

In times of great public calamity, the true woman will ever be found where her helping charity is needed. For she is the true angel of humanity, when she is in a position to help, to aid, and to bless all who want her care; but neither extravagance, nor a one-sided fanaticism, nor dissipation of her energies, will bring her any nearer to the true goal of all her efforts.

To what lofty heights of progress might the powers of woman ascend, with the patient endurance with which she is endowed by nature, if she only knew how to join the true joys of life with the faithful performance of duty! And that she may do this, let her stand bravely up; not forgetting the truth in the poet's words:—

“Evermore thyself control,  
Ne'er mislead thy brother's soul,  
Never leave the path of right,  
Till its goal shall bless thy sight!”

H. S. C.

---

#### MOSES'S PROHIBITION OF WITCHCRAFT.

IN a very interesting article upon Spiritualism in the November number of this Magazine occurs a critique upon an argument of mine. I am well aware that all controversy is foreign to the spirit of a religious magazine; and I do not wish to controvert the positions of M. G. C., but simply

to restate in clearer form my own argument, which has been misunderstood and misrepresented in several public prints, by three different classes of men ; — members of the New Church, Unitarians of rationalistic tendencies, and Spiritualists of the deistic wing. My position is simply this : —

1. I think Moses does not in direct terms forbid intercourse with spirits, but forbids consultation with mediums. Nearly every phrase upon this subject which is used in the Law, implies that the attempted consultation with the dead, or with other spirits, was held by means of a mutterer, enchanter, vessel of communication, or person assuming such titles.

2. These prohibitions on the subject of necromancy are frequently joined with prohibitions of idolatry ; the worship of idols and consultation with the dead are frequently classed together as abominations.

3. To those who reject, either in part or in whole, the authority of the Pentateuch, these facts (if they be facts) prove little.

4. To us who believe the Pentateuch to be the authoritative law of God, given to Israel, it proves much. It classes modern Spiritualism with idolatry. We do not accept the Pentateuch as law for Christendom, any further than its laws may be of universal application. This law we think is of application as wide as the kindred law against idolatry.

We know an idol is nothing in the world, and that the priests of an idol are deceitful jugglers, or else miserably deluded men. It is the nonentity of the false gods that constitutes the folly and sin of idolatry. If the ibis and the cat could hear and answer our prayer, and exercise a divine providence over us, that would show them to have been appointed agents for that purpose, and it would be no more sinful *per se* to ask their help, than it is to ask our neighbor to help us in our need. The worship of the ibis and cat would then be sinful only if made so by the arbitrary decree of God.

6. To me it seems, in like manner, that if conjurers, wizards, peepers, mutterers, charmers, enchanters, mediums, and others with familiar spirits, had the power to which they pretend, there would be no sin in using it. THE GIFT OF A POWER IS A GRANT TO USE IT. If, therefore, I were persuaded that mediums have power to consult the dead, I should have my faith in the divine authority of Moses shaken. I could not find it in my heart to believe that our Heavenly Father, after bestowing upon certain persons in Israel the wonderful gift of communing with spirits, should forbid them to use it. So long as the books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy have authority with me, I must consider all attempts to have intercourse with the dead through a medium as belonging to exactly the same class of impious folly as the worship of idols and of imaginary gods and goddesses,—the impiety heightened by the absurdity, and the absurdity made criminal by the impiety.

7. I am not, then, so foolish as to say that Moses forbade the sons of Israel to do what it was already impossible for them to do ; he forbade the consulting of mediums, which is not only possible, but too easy. I think he forbade it because it was, like the witchcraft, enchantment, and idolatry with which he associates it, a sheer delusion, leading the soul away from God, in pursuit of the phantoms of its own creation ; because, while it is possible to consult a medium, it is impossible to get news from heaven through her.

T. H.

---

#### CHRISTMAS AND CHARITY : SOMETHING FOR CHILDREN.

It was Christmas eve: and round the centre-table of a pleasant-looking parlor sat a mother, father, and two children, — a girl of eleven and a boy of nine, — studying or reading, as pleased them best. The room had been very

quiet for a long time ; nothing but the rustle of Mr. Clarke's newspaper, or the turning of the leaves of the children's books, had broken the unusual quiet. Now two busy voices were heard whispering in one corner, where Carrie, a bright little curly-pate of five years, and Charlie, a black-eyed little rogue, sat whispering together about Christmas presents and old Santa Claus. "I say, do you know, Carrie, how Santa Claus gets down the chimney?" "No," answers Carrie; "and I don't see how he ever gets so many things to give away to all the little children." "Well," says Charlie, "Mary says that he will put lots of things into my stocking if I hang it up." "I mean to keep awake," says Carrie, "to see him come down the chimney."

Soon the sweet sound of the chime-bells came floating over the water from the tower of the "Old Seven Bells Church," as it is called, in the city, and attracted the little ones to the window to hear.

"Ding, dong, — ding, dong, ding," said little Charlie. "Mother, what are those bells ringing so for to-night?"

"Because it is Christmas eve, my child."

"What does that mean, mother?"

"It is the evening before Christmas day, my dear; and in the Catholic and the Episcopal churches they have a great evening service to welcome in Christmas day, which means the day upon which Jesus Christ our Saviour was born." And turning to the other children, she asked them if they knew why the twenty-fifth of December was kept for his birthday.

Mary answered, "Because, as they did not know upon what day or in what month he was actually born, the ancient Church had decided to celebrate this day, and so unite one of the old Roman feasts with a Christian feast, to please the people, who were just beginning to turn Christians. The old Roman feast was in honor of the sun's turning his course north again, and one of the titles of Jesus is the 'Sun of Righteousness.'"

"Yes," said her mother, "that is one of the reasons; and the twenty-fifth of December has been celebrated as the birthday of our Saviour by the Christian Church for a great many hundred years. As we cannot tell precisely upon what day he was born, it is as well to keep this day as any other; and surely all Christians should unite to celebrate with all their hearts the birthday of the blessed Saviour, the Son of God? To-morrow, you know, my dear Charlie, is Christmas day, — merry Christmas, as we call it; and I suppose you will all have a fine time."

Charlie ran skipping away; but soon the sweet music of those Christmas bells came floating so beautifully across the water, in the still, clear moonlight night, that the children went to the window again to listen.

"Come, Mary and Johnnie, and hear these beautiful Christmas bells," called Charlie.

It was bed-time now for the little folks. Indeed, Carrie and Charlie had sat up an hour beyond their usual time; and they went, talking merrily, up stairs, about what a *good time* they were to have to-morrow.

"I shall say 'Merry Christmas' first, Mary, see if I don't," called Johnnie to his sister.

"No, no, you sha'n't, I shall," was Charlie's louder call.

"Be sure, then, you wake up before I do," said Mary, "that's all."

To-morrow was to be a gala-day indeed with the children, and not less so with their parents; for the grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins too numerous to mention, were to dine with them. One sister of the mother's from the West, whom the youngest children had never seen, was to be there too with her family; and many were the speculations about how Aunt Mary looked, and Uncle Sam, and the three little cousins.

How soundly happy hearts sleep! It was broad daylight when little Charlie awoke, but his first thought was "Merry Christmas!" which he called out to John. Mary was the

first up, and had the pleasure of waking John with *her* "Merry Christmas!" The little ones were quickly dressed, and all were soon heard running from room to room with the cry of "Merry Christmas, father! Merry Christmas, mother! Merry Christmas, grandmother! Merry Christmas, everybody!"

The children ran to find their stockings, to see what Santa Claus had brought them. Just look at little Charlie there upon the floor, with his chubby little fingers pulling out the things. He thinks that Santa Claus has served him very badly, and is almost ready to cry; for as yet he has found only a lace bag of beans, a potato, and an empty cornucopia, which the mischievous Johnnie had put in on the top. But now his eyes sparkle, for here is another cornucopia, "a *real trumpet* to blow in," as he says, a pair of nice mittens of grandmother's knitting, and a nice little picture-book, full of all sorts of drolleries from the German.

Charlie's trumpet was a real acquisition, the children thought, and it was hardly silent the whole day. While the children are enjoying themselves together, we will just look into the parlor and see the faces gathered around the fire. It has been many years since those brothers and sisters with their parents have all met before, and one has gone to his "long home" since then, and another is far away upon the sea this bright Christmas morning. Though very joyous, there is a shadow which hovers over the face of grandmother, whose heart at times is busy with the memory of other days. She calls to mind two little cherubs whom "the Reaper, Death," transplanted into heaven many years ago; and the bright, manly face that bade her "good by," so full of hope and life, when he started for that Eldorado which has been the grave of so many of our young men, with that bright smile and glad voice, will never greet her more in this world. He was the youngest; and there is a magic in that word to a parent's heart. There was the hope left of seeing her sailor-boy again, and with many



prayers for his safety, and thanksgivings for this meeting together once more of so many of her children and grandchildren, "before she should go hence to be seen no more," she turned to view the happy throng.

But what a furious ring at the bell! And who is this who bursts in upon them so gayly, and with such a hearty "Merry Christmas!" It is Uncle John. And John, and John, is echoed from mouth to mouth so heartily, that there can be no doubt in the mind of any one as to whom the new-comer can be.

"How did you happen to arrive to-day, when we did not expect you for a fortnight?" they all asked.

"O," he answers, catching up Carrie and Charlie, and kissing them, — "O, one of those lucky things that will happen now and then. The winds were fair, and our good ship a clipper. But how do you all do? And Mary, Sarah, Fred, how glad I am to meet you all?"

"O how glad we are that Uncle John has come!" screamed the children. "And how glad am I!" said he, as, seated between his tearfully smiling parents, he began to tell all about his voyage.

The great Christmas dinner, to which all the children had looked forward with so much pleasure, with all its wealth of turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pie, had been enjoyed to its utmost, and passed away; and the evening had come again, and around that bright coal-fire the long separated ones told stories of their childhood, and other Christmas days, and brought to mind the friends and dear ones whom time and distance now separated, and dropped a tear to the memory of the departed; while round the outside of the circle of their elders the merry children frolicked, and talked about their presents, with not a thought or care beyond the happy present time. And the soft, sweet bells again began their chiming, and, as their joyous music came floating over the water, Charlie climbed into the lap of his new-found uncle, and bade him listen; "for," said he, "they

sound as if they said, 'Merry Christmas, Uncle John!'" But we will leave our happy group, with a wish for many such merry Christmas days to them, and turn to quite another scene.

Not far from the house of Mr. Clarke was a clump of small houses, mostly occupied by foreigners, many of whom were wretchedly poor, and almost entirely dependent upon charity for support.

In one of these tenements lived an English family, whose quiet habits and neat appearance bespoke them superior to those around them. On the night of this pleasant Christmas eve, Mrs. Green, the mother, and her daughter, sat silently plying the busy needle, which the wants of the family would not allow them to put aside, even upon this night of general festivity. As they sat there, with their thoughts so busy with the past and other Christmas times, the sweet music of the bells came to their ears also. Looking up from her work, Mrs. Green saw the tears running fast down the cheeks of the poor child beside her, and she said to her: "Sarah, why do you cry so, my dear child? has anything happened?"

"O mamma!" she answered, "do you not hear the Christmas chimes? I was thinking of our old home, and dear old England, and how the bells of London rang out their merry chimes last year on Christmas eve. O mamma! shall we never see our little cottage again, and dear little Minnie's grave? O, I am so homesick here!" sighed the poor emigrant child.

The tears were now streaming down the mother's face too, for the sound of those soft, sweet bells, as it came floating over the water, reminded her too of the home she was never to see again.

She sat rocking the baby in its cradle, and sewing upon some coarse work, which must be finished that night, to earn the pittance which was to buy their day's meals. She and

Sarah were busy, hovering over the few coals in the grate, with only one poor candle to light them, and their thoughts went back to the joys of other Christmas eves, when, in the sports peculiar to the time, which are still kept up by the villagers of England, they had been so happy, though poor.

The father had been unfortunate. He was a tailor ; and his work had been taken away from him, and given to those who would work cheaper.

He had taken his family and emigrated to this country, in hope of finding work and a home. A stranger, without either money or friends, he had sought work at his trade in vain. They had been here three months, and all they had had to live upon, the mother and Sarah had earned. He was discouraged and distressed ; and this day he had given up all hope of finding work at his trade, and had determined to go to sea, if nothing else offered. He had earned a little money by sawing wood and carrying coal, but it was very little.

Now they hear his footsteps coming, and they try to dry their tears, for they know his heart is full already ; and as he enters the cheerless abode, they look up at him and smile.

Thank Heaven, there is one thing the great ones of the earth cannot enjoy any more than the worthy poor ; and that is affection. Sad as he was, he felt grateful for what was spared to him. But as he seated himself at the miserable fire, and looked up at the wan, worn faces before him, he heaved a deep sigh.

"Anna," said he to his wife, "it will never do for me to idle about so any longer. I have heard of a ship which leaves to-morrow for London, and I think I ought to take the place of sailor offered to me on board of her."

His voice trembled as he thought of his poor wife and little children left alone, strangers in a strange land ; but he felt that upon his energies they depended for support, and he made up his mind to leave them for a time. He could draw his month's wages in advance, and supply their present

necessities, and he hoped that something else would offer by the time the voyage was completed.

His wife answered not a word. But poor Sarah sobbed aloud. "We cannot have you leave us, father," she said; "we shall get along somehow; I can sew very fast now, and we can get plenty to do, mamma and I. And Sam runs errands, and picks up chips, and does all he can, too. O, don't go, papa, and leave us here all alone."

The child was sent to bed, and the parents talked the matter over, and concluded that he must go; it was all that could be done.

The holy Christmas morning rose clear and cold, and the children gathered round the fire that poor little Sam had helped to furnish, while their mother prepared the simple breakfast. Poor Sam's round merry face was darkened this morning, for the children knew that their father would leave them to-day. They could not wish each other merry Christmas; those poor hearts were too sad; no merry Christmas was it to them.

Santa Claus paid them no visit. He is much like the world; "his ready visit pays where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes." There was nothing in his many pockets for poor little Sam, not even the bag of beans. Their stock of provisions was rather larger to-day than usual, for some of the neighbors had heard their story, and had sent them some tea, sugar, flour, &c. And as their simple Christmas dinner was spread out before them, a knock at the door was heard; and when Sarah opened it, she found a man waiting with a basket, which he said was for them. When it was opened, a nice roasted chicken, two mince-pies, a loaf of bread, and some apples were taken out. Here was a very pleasant surprise to them all, and with tearful eyes and truly thankful hearts they sat down to their meal, when their father had asked the blessing, which was never neglected by him, no matter how scanty the meal might be.

These good things came from kind Mrs. Clarke, who had heard only a few days before of their case, and she had determined to send them something for their Christmas dinner. Nor were they afterwards forgotten by her, but she visited them often, and interested many others in them, and supplied them with sewing at a much better payment than they could get at the slop-shops.

The ship was to sail at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the mother and Sarah had to be very busy to get the sailor's little wardrobe ready. It seemed a short notice to the family, but he had thought of it for days. He knew one of the sailors, who told him that their captain was kind, and the vessel good, and he had decided to go before he had said anything about it at home. He took a sad but hopeful leave of his family, and gave them up with a trusting heart to God, and left them strangers, exiles, alone.

With his month's advance they were able to buy fuel and many other things they needed, and with the assistance of friends they felt they should not really want for anything necessary; but this was but little relief to their hearts upon this Christmas night, for the father, who was always welcome, and always brought a smile, was gone, — to the children's minds, to be gone *so long*. They sat that night and listened to the Christmas chimes, as they came floating over the water; but they thought of the father out upon the sea, this cold winter night.

"Mamma," said little Sam, "the bells sound as if they said, 'Papa is gone! — papa is gone!'"

Now, my dear children, for whom I have written this story, always remember the poor upon the blessed birthday of our Saviour, and send them something, so that even to them it may prove a merry Christmas. Christ came to save all, the poor as well as the rich, and upon no day in the year are we more called upon to remember the words he spoke to his disciples, "The poor ye have always with you," than upon this his holy birthday.

## THE HAVEN IN THE MIDST OF THE OCEAN.

THE Azores, by their position in the grand ocean highway between the Mediterranean and America, and between India and England, are the object of both terror and hope to distressed vessels. Their pitiless precipices, without beach or shallow; the jagged reefs and hidden rocks; the currents of air and water; the great rollers of surf that come careering from afar, like coursers, with their white manes of spray, to leap against the stern barriers that have withstood them for ages, — are terrible, and sometimes fatal, to crippled ships. But if they can manage to steer in at either entrance to the noble harbor of Horta, and come to anchor in its sheltered roadstead, they find not only rest, but a home. Here a generous sympathy, ever kept in exercise by the frequent necessity for giving aid and comfort, welcomes the poor mariner and weary traveller. Alas for him, however, if there is any one on board too much way-and-weather-worn to show himself on deck, or if there is not a clean bill of health to show from the last port, or if the vessel has even been in company with one thus unlucky, in order to communicate stores or other needed articles! By the quarantine regulations the seamen and passengers, men, women, and children, then become so many pariahs; the harbor-master cannot go on board, and they stay only on sufferance, outside the safe roadstead; they are furnished at arm's length, and with the tips of the fingers, as it were, with the means of dragging out their miserable days in the uncomfortable hulk, just so long as it shall please the physician, feed by government for his daily visits, to keep them pining in sight of paradise. In certain cases the passengers do not set foot on land, and must content themselves with the luxury of fresh fruit and provisions, with sometimes a bouquet, or rather sheaf, of fine flowers, sent on board from Fredonia as a token of commiseration. Yet even so, it must be felt by them to be

in great mercy that God has set in the midst of the ocean this haven for the weary and those ready to perish.

The winter of 1855-6 will long be remembered by its storms, on land and sea. In ordinary times vessels merely touch at Fayal, for water and fresh supplies of provisions, and there are not more than six or eight at anchor in the bay at once. But at one time in the course of that winter twenty-seven were lying there, all that had arrived requiring repairs but the Azor, which had skimmed its way through the tempestuous sea unharmed, like a sea-gull. A water-logged guano vessel was drifting about at the mercy of the winds and currents, and having ceased settling, strangely enough, when abandoned by its crew, was at last taken possession of at Terceira by some enterprising individual, who sailed in her for England, thinking to save her for the owners or insurers. The captain was comfortably housed at Fayal, after a perilous escape by boats to the little port of Praya. The honor of a captain is touched by the suspicion of an unnecessary desertion of his vessel, and his having his wife and child with him was likely to give a color to the accusation of cowardice; therefore he was deeply mortified and distressed. But the treacherous lull of the storm that had given opportunity for boarding the wreck was soon over, the tossing of a rough sea opened the seams again, so that the new crew found themselves in the same predicament that had been considered so desperate by the captain. They were ready enough to run away from their self-imposed responsibilities, and their return occasioned great exultation among the sympathizing captains and captains' wives at Silva's Hotel, and the American party, of whom the writer was one, that had taken up winter quarters there. The guano went to Neptune's gardens, and the captain went home to England passenger, thankful for a double escape, first from destruction and then from shame.

Silva's Hotel, the resort of English and American captains and travellers, stands near the water, and commands a



fine view of the bay of Horta. A natural mole, the lofty promontory of Esplamarca, reaches embracingly far out to sea on the left, Monte Queimado and Monte de Guia protect the harbor on the right, and the anchorage is about half a mile from the city, between them. On the horizon lies the island of St. Jorge, like a fallen cloud, except in the clearest weather, when it appears like a water-snake or giant caterpillar, with a row of humps upon its back. At times its furrowed precipices can be seen quite distinctly with a glass. Except on the south, the remainder of the view is bounded by the island of Pico, only five miles off across the harbor. The mountain fills its whole breadth as seen from Fayal, its foot running out to two craggy points on each side. Near the northern toe, but not a part of it, being of a wholly different kind of stone, stand the Maddelena Rocks, like beacon-towers; one, a hundred feet above the other, resembles a little a broken pillar in its general outline. It affords, it seems, footing for climbing; for a man, it is said, was formerly put into prison by this *for once* truly paternal government, for risking his neck in scaling it.

From the early part of December to the middle of January we seemed almost to have brought our own climate with us. The thermometer went down to forty-four *above* zero, lower than it had been known there for twenty years. This extraordinary intensity of cold, however, lasted but an hour or two after a hail-shower, and there was a superb rainbow the same day. The hail was all the ice we saw for the winter, and transient caps on Pico's head all the snow. In the most sullen days there was something of April caprice, and it seemed sometimes as if the very barometers must be puzzled and confounded by the tricky winds. Pico seemed a giant Prospero, sporting, in the most whimsical mood, with the elements. Now his white head would peep over a blanket of silvery mist; anon he would be visible, all but his head, which was in a winged cap, bright with sunlight; the clear sky would then tempt out a donkeying party, who,

when he tossed up his cap an hour after, would catch it in the shape of a pelting shower. After a storm the clouds would sometimes retire at sunset, and lie in pink and silver piles behind the mountain, leaving it covered almost half-way down with new snow. This made it look sublimely high, and beautiful beyond description with changing tints, while the surf dashed high into snowy mist from the black rocks at the foot.

The large group of vessels in the foreground of this picture were an interesting study. Each one had its story, and each its peculiar interest as an individual, but more especially those under American colors. There was the Harpswell. Sixty-nine days from Messina, its stock of provisions was exhausted; there were refugees on board, who had not been calculated for, any more than the long string of storms; sixteen days she hovered, trying to come in, and the last four the crew sustained life more luxuriously than comfortably on the cargo, oranges and nuts. "Rather peaked times," observed the captain, "when you have nothing to your dinner but the dessert." At last, in the midst of a storm, in she popped, on the Monte de Guia side, boldly enough to make all observers open eyes and mouth; she rushed by the reef without a pilot, and, running into the midst of dismantled ships and leaky schooners and brigs, dropped her anchor. The stars and stripes made our hearts beat and our eyes water, as we strained them to distinguish her, in a driving wind and tumultuous sea, with showers and fog scudding to and fro. Suddenly, she had disappeared. We looked where she had been at anchor, and thought she must have gone down during the squall. In water one hundred and eighty feet deep, it was no wonder even the tips of the tall masts could not be seen. The other vessels looked strangely indifferent, rocking and rolling over the spot.

But no; the poor ship had been swept out to sea again by the wind and current, round the Esplamarca. How

tantalizing to the people on board not to be able to hold on even long enough to mend their squirrel diet! She must of necessity come back, the Consul said; but we almost doubted her reality. We called her the Phantom Ship, and believed that

"By skeleton shapes her sails were furled,  
And the hand that steered was not of this world."

A rumor came that she was thrown upon St. Jorges; but she was not one of the three that went to pieces upon those merciless ridges of lava. The wind got into a steady good-humor the first time for fourteen days, and brought her in one fine morning, to zigzag in the misty distance, in a flood of sunrise light, in company with the good little Alfred, till the pilot-boat was ready to lead them to their appointed places in the anchorage-ground.

During that stormy fortnight, among other disasters, the large ship Ravenswood had gone ashore on one of the cruel points of Pico. Knowing that the noble brothers D—— had gone across the bay to the relief of the crew at the risk of their lives, we strained our eyes at the first moment of clear view to see the unfortunate ship, lying on the rocks, and longed for tidings both from the rescuers and the rescued. How coolly we read of shipwrecks in the papers! "Loss of the Ravenswood; cargo valued at so much." We think "it is a pity," and immediately forget it, if no lives were lost. But it gives one a heartache, that is often renewed by memory, to see the very scene of a shipwreck.

But how does a kind Providence ever mingle good with evil! The island of Pico had been impoverished by the failure of the wine-crop, and where the people live in a way that leaves but a small margin between subsistence and starvation at any time, any such diminution of resources becomes a fearful thing. Much of the rich cargo of the broken ship was yet uninjured, and while the sea left the wreck as it lay, it was possible to pass goods over the roadless wilderness of rocks to safe places of storage. Hosts of

glad laborers came at the call of employers well known for unblemished integrity; the name of D—— was sufficient security for their daily wages, and bales were carried away that took fifteen men at once as bearers, over ground that was impracticable for any other means of transportation, to the nearest town where they could be deposited in safety. The news of the wreck brought also harpies, and pretended helpers; this made an armed watch necessary, and in addition to the Herculean efforts of the day, the heroic brothers alternately slept in the comfortless, even bedless cabin, and kept guard during the night. Some fabrics were washed ashore, water-spoiled and rent, and valuable only to the destitute; but to them they were truly a god-send. What must even spoiled stuffs be to families who rejoice in an income of ten cents a day! Imagine the single garment of the children, — a tunic of economical brevity, and usually of coarse white cloth, — made of the richest Lyons silk, of colors more various than its original hues! But the desire to save what the sea disdained to keep was very nearly the death of some of the eager swimmers, their limbs becoming entangled with the long piece-goods, among the rough rocks, and the surf, and the ends of broken timbers. But by watchful care and seasonable help, they were all saved from actual drowning.

The Camden came in leaning over on one side, like some infirm old crone. A quantity of canvas was spread along the black hull, looking like clothes upon a line on a washing-day. The Wellfleet also came in, heeling over, and at every reeling pitch we that beheld were ready to cry out, thinking she was going directly down. She had fourteen feet of water in the hold, and a cargo of cotton, which, as it soaked, might swell so as to split the ship before it could be unpacked. Yet even she must be quarantined! If she had come from New Orleans, when the yellow-fever was at Norfolk or at New York, it would have been quite enough to bring her under suspicion. A gale would have sunk her

at once; but the Consul obtained leave to lighten her, the warehouse and the men being put under ban during the process. Another danger to the Wellfleet was the heating of the moist cargo, and the danger of spontaneous combustion. On this account, the Azor escorted her, finally, to England.

The Sumpter, Chicago, and St. Bernard, all large ships, sorely mauled, and an English Indiaman, the Gibson Craig, also took refuge in the harbor. The latter vessel had been five months tossing upon the wild waves, and the exasperated crew refused for two days to obey orders. To the passengers, their mutinous conduct was a greater terror than the prospect of wreck or famine, and a trial much harder to bear. For it seemed as if a common danger and misfortune should make all on board friends. The lowest kind of English sailor is sometimes enraged at long-continued bad weather, as if he indeed recognized in the ocean "the hostile element in nature," as a late writer has expressed it. The captain was a gentleman of more than ordinary acquirements, at least in a peculiar kind of lore; for in the Masonic Lodge to which he belonged, he looked down on royal dukes, less learned, and therefore of lower Masonic rank, than himself. His wife had accompanied him in every voyage for thirty years. Her open, confiding manner, and truly religious cheerfulness under a trial seldom borne without repining, that of deafness, created an interest among us which soon became affection. Her husband called her *homely*, — by no means intending any disparagement to her looks! She was, to be sure, after going round the world two or three times, no longer beautiful; but he used the word in a genuine English sense, implying that she made every place *home* to him where they happened to go.

A. W. A.

## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

*Debt and Grace, as related to the Doctrine of a Future Life.*  
By REV. C. F. HUDSON. Sold by Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — The principal aim of this work is to show that man was created not absolutely immortal, but *for* immortality; that immortality and eternal life are one, and, to fallen man, ever of grace; and that evil, moral and penal, ends in the proper death of those who refuse life.

The argument is substantially as follows.

Of the dignity of human nature, which is primarily concerned in the discussion, there are two theories, — the rationalist and the Christian. The former asserts an immortality that *must be*, and the proof of which lies in a nature of things; man's dignity is a Destiny, for better or worse. The latter finds man's dignity in that which he *may be*, or in a Privilege. The combination of the two theories in the early history of Christianity was practically to put new wine into old bottles, and originated the so-called "Conflict of Ages." One form of reaction is a sentiment of the dignity of eternal wickedness.

The problem of Evil, as related to God, is threefold, — that of its origin, its economy, and its end. The first is a proper mystery, as sin is in its very nature without a reason. The other questions give rise to four Theologies, viz. Dualism, Absolutism, Pantheism, and Theism; i. e. evil is either God's necessity, or his choice, or it is of nature and sin does not exist, or it is simply permitted. In relation to Faith, these theologies severally promote its Agony, its Prostitution or its Prostration, its Eclipse, or its proper Trial and Triumph. The notion of eternal evil involves its eternal necessity, is dualistic in principle, and historically has ever suggested a personal Dualism or Manichæism. For the refutation of Manéiz the eternity of evil was abandoned; and of the principal respondents to Boyle only one boldly maintained it, and he reduced evil to a negation. As already defined, Dualism has a modern history, and may yet be more fully developed.

But may not the eternity of evil be vindicated as a method of Divine justice? Here are examined twenty-two Theodicies, of which one is absolutist, annulling the very idea of justice; the others are

dualistic, and untenable as theodicies; moreover, several of them make a ruinous draft on the Divine grace to eke out the vindication of Divine justice.

The supposed economy of evil is considered. Evil is not needful, either to display God's attributes, or to give zest to the joys or discipline the virtues of his creatures; such theories are dualistic; the power which can bring good out of evil can also dispense with it. Evil is inherently frail; it is "not an entity," as many master minds have expressed it. It subsists temporarily by the forbearance of God, in love preferring a method of recovery to a re-creation. It may, however, exist not only now, culminating as if the universe were infant, adolescent, or in a crisis; it may reappear in ten thousand new worlds, yet never affecting perfected beings,—ever transient and perishing.

The Scriptural argument is alone decisive. Is man's proper immortality *assumed* in the Bible, as a first truth of natural religion? Why, then, is it never named or alluded to in the Revelation, while the Divine existence, which *is* such an assumed truth, is named continually? That truth should be surpassingly clear to human reason which may be *silently* assumed in a revelation; and the silence would be a new marvel. Or, is the immortality in question *implied* in the Scriptural account either of man's nature or of future punishment? But utter and eternal death was regarded by the Jews as eternal punishment; and the expressions supposed to denote the life of the lost, are in fact pictures of their death. Nor did Christ sanction a supposed Pharisaic doctrine of eternal suffering.

The rational argument is fourfold,—metaphysical, psychological, moral, and analogical. The first and second forms of it prove too much; the third and fourth indicate the immortality of the good alone.

Of the relations of mind and matter, soul and body, there are two theories,—the rationalist, which makes the body a prison, and the Christian, which regards the disembodied soul as unfurnished for the purposes of its being. Hence the importance of the resurrection as completing man's redemption; the interval between it and death being styled by some of the early Fathers a "detention."

In an "historical argument" we are told the supposed belief of the ancients in human immortality was an aspiration rather than a faith, and it ended in despair. Its doctrine was pantheistic, asserting the



soul's pre-existence and eternity. Aristotle denied the individuality of the human soul. The doctrine of the immortality of a class has a fourfold history, — the Stoic, the Gnostic, the Judaic, and the Christian, each answering to a peculiar view of the highest good. That man was absolutely neither mortal nor immortal, but "intermediate," was affirmed against the Platonists by Christians who held the three most divergent views of the destiny of the wicked. The "Conflict of Ages" began most apparently in the mind of Justin Martyr; the reaction in the Eastern Church was Origenism or restorationism; in the Western, ecclesiasticism, religious compulsion, and ritual methods of salvation, including the doctrine of Purgatory. For the Jewish history, the testimony of Josephus is impeached, and the Talmud is found to make eternal suffering not the rule of future punishment, but a marked exception; the Rabbies habitually speak of extermination as the greatest of all punishments. In the Middle Ages the persecutions of Averroës and Pomponatius mark the controversy respecting the orthodoxy of Aristotle and the validity of the rational argument for immortality. The "Conflict" was renewed in the mind of Luther, as appears in rare passages of his book against Erasmus. In recent history, the esoteric doctrine of immortality is a revival of the ancient Pantheism.

But how could men believe so terrible a doctrine as that of eternal woe, if it is without foundation in truth? The error is accounted for by numerous causes, without reckoning either malice or superstition.

The bearings of the view offered on the Christian system are discussed; particularly the doctrines of Providence, Grace, Death, Original Sin, Punishment, Pardon, and the Redeemer. Of the perversion of grace there are three forms, — the licentious, the juridical, and the fatalist; the first occasioned either by an absolutist theology, or by the notion of an absolute, indefeasible immortality; the second, by various theodicies, as before stated; the third, by Dualism, as reducing the redemption to an exigency on the part of God, and by the denial of freedom in man. The idea of pardon is annulled in the notion that sin is punished either in the transgressor (the view taken in the Ethical Theology), or in the Redeemer (the Anselmian theory of the mercantile satisfaction Atonement, to which the doctrine of infinite guilt, which seems essentially unpardonable, naturally leads). Redemption from death is a real and divine salvation, and can alone oppose the prevailing doctrine of self-salvation.

Special argument is offered for the divinity of Christ as a life-giver, which was a favorite with Athanasius, as the fact was a favorite contemplation of Socinus.

Does the view offered leave a proper sanction of the Divine law? Here are several "paradoxes of penalty," such as "fear and shame," "severity and certainty," "mystery and conviction," "far and near," "wrath and love."

In a chapter on the missionary spirit, the author treats of Vicarious Immortality, — The Maternal Character of the Church, — The Missionary Motive, — The Campaigning Spirit, — A Test of Christian Character, — Gospel for the Heathen.

The book closes with a discussion on the Highest Good. Happiness is "the reflex of unimpeded energy," and Life is the true good, of which sensation is the lowest form, and holy love the highest. In the exercise of free will, man's highest choice is that of life, not as the reward, but as the proper sphere, of virtue. The supposed "good in all" is not virtue, for this consists in the union of justice and goodness, which fallen man is ever prone to sunder. Hence the need of an interposition, to create in man a new moral life, which is also a work of atonement. Faith is the act of man accepting the power to become both just and good, i. e. "perfect," or complete, by regeneration in the likeness of the Heavenly Father; and the habit or reflex action of Faith is Love.

*White Lies. Propria Quæ Maribus, and The Box Tunnel.* By CHARLES READE. Ticknor and Fields. — Mr. Reade maintains his place as one of the very foremost writers of fiction of our day. He is always bright, vigorous, original. There is no dull imitation; no fine-spun sentiment; no prosy description; no tawdry attempt at fine writing. His books not only keep the faculties awake, but sharpen them. The words come quick and crisp. After reading him, one is always conscious of having been in the presence of a healthy and energetic nature, and for that is willing to pardon many small faults. These are brilliant stories, not elaborate nor long, rather out of the common track of novels, and good to divert a wearied or anxious reader.

T.

*The Memorial: or, The Life and Writings of an Only Daughter.* By her Mother, Authoress of "Shady Side." With an Introductory

Notice, by Rev. A. L. STONE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.— Many young women might be made better daughters and better Christians by studying the life of this young girl. Dying at the early age of nineteen, she has left behind a legacy of holy thoughts, and quiet deeds of love, that can hardly fail to bless all those within its reach. Her opening womanhood was one of uncommon intellectual promise; but all her mental gifts were laid upon the altar of her Master's service.

Her life's history is given mostly in her own words; we see clearly, in her journal and her letters, that the moral beauty of her character was not gained without severe struggles and earnest endeavor; and thus we are repelled by no image of impossible perfection. We cordially commend the book to parents and Sunday Schools. C.

*Mental Philosophy, including the Intellect, the Sensibilities, and the Will.* By JOSEPH HAVEN, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Amherst College. Gould and Lincoln.— Professor Haven's object, if we understand him aright, is not, primarily, to offer his own solution of any of the great problems of metaphysics, or to expound and advocate his own opinions upon some of the many controverted points in the science; but simply to form a convenient compend, or text-book of instruction, for the use of students in our more advanced seminaries. And this task, which is a peculiarly difficult one, he has executed with much clearness, brevity, and precision. His book is an introduction, not only to the principles, but to the literature, of the subject; it is at once a compend of philosophy, and of the history of philosophy. The plan being thus comprehensive, the execution of the work is necessarily succinct and dry. Perhaps it would have been better to retrench certain portions of the subject, and thus to obtain room for a broader and more discursive treatment and richer illustrations of the remaining parts. A well-informed instructor, however, will easily remedy this defect by familiar comments and explanations in the lecture-room, and may thus clothe with rich and attractive material the rather meagre outline furnished by the text-book. Generally, Professor Haven's work deserves high praise; it is well written, well arranged, accurate in information, and sound in opinion. We cordially commend it to the attention of all who have occasion to study or to teach the science to which it relates. B.

*Slavery and the Remedy.* By SAMUEL NOTT. — The long and short of this plump and painstaking pamphlet is, that the duty of America, and the way out of her troubles, is to *remove the evils of Slavery without removing Slavery*. The grand relief is a "Remedial Code." Believing, ourselves, that Slavery itself is the great evil which includes the others as its incidents, we do not regard the author's position as a strong one. The real adroitness of his reasoning, his historical review, and his plausible exposition of the nature and workings of the slave system, fail to convince us, simply because we are sure that the principle of ownership in man is false, and because we are satisfied that the relation of master and slave is contrary to the will of God and the religion of Christ. Mr. Nott seems to find, as so able and so evidently sincere a thinker and writer deserves, a large circle of readers. He is fond of speaking of slaveholders as Patriarchs!

*Aspirations of Nature.* By I. T. HECKER. New York: James B. Kirker. — "Father Hecker" here sustains the character of a skilful pleader for Catholic piety, gained by his "Questions of the Soul." So far as he occupies the ground of positive religion, he is a profitable writer; and for that very reason he is only the more plausible and persuasive to such persons as are discontented with the cold climate, indefinite theology, and loose order of the less earnest and less Christian Protestant churches. Evidently seeing where the weak spots of Protestantism are, and addressing himself adroitly to the sentiments rather than the reason, he succeeds, it is said, in attracting towards Rome many gentle and impressible natures. The great difficulty is, that the system he advocates, as to its most characteristic features, seems not to be in the New Testament, nor reconcilable with common sense and the principles of spiritual liberty. But we join heartily with him in an unfeigned sympathy with Catholic piety, and an admiration of Catholic zeal. Till Protestants have the liberality and breadth to learn and receive more of the truth developed in Catholic history, that Church will continue to glean large harvests from our sects, our negations, our self-will, and our unbelief in supernatural life and power.

*The Radical Deficiency of the Existing Circulating Medium, and the Advantages of a Mutual Currency.* By WILLIAM B. GREENE.

B. H. Greene. — Half a dozen years ago, several citizens of Brookfield, of whom Mr. Greene was the leading and directing mind, presented a paper to the State Legislature, praying permission to establish a mutual bank, for which the property of all stockholders should be pledged, to an extent not exceeding three quarters of its real amount, and whose bills should be redeemable, at all their places of business, not in specie, but in all manner of goods. The plan and the argument there offered have an ingenious amplification and defence in this compact volume. In money or metaphysics, in banking or abstract contemplation, Mr. Greene's intellect is equally ready, energetic, brilliant, and "impracticable." If the book — which is virtually a bright criticism on many points of political economy, as well as a special plea — is not read in such times as these, the author may well despair of a hearing.

#### PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

An Address on the Education and Duties of Women, spoken at the "North Granville Ladies' Seminary," by Rev. A. Woodbury, containing a great deal of excellent sense in interesting and forcible language. — "Christian Missions and African Colonization," by John B. Adger, — a defence, in good faith, of the Colonization Scheme, and a remonstrance against the reopening of the Slave-Trade, from the Southern point of view, taking some positions in which we cannot agree, but to be respected for the intelligence, care, and Christian sincerity of the author. — Forty-Eighth Report of the A. B. C. F. M., including an account of the animating and harmonious meetings at Providence, where work and worship both had a generous representation, together with Dr. M. L. P. Thompson's fervent and vigorous Discourse on the occasion. — Twenty-Second Report of the Boston Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, — one of the best of all our public charities.

h' n. 17,

Terms, \$ 3.50 per annum, or \$ 3 in advance. Single Nos., 30 cts.

THE  
MONTHLY  
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE  
AND  
Independent Journal.

VOL. XVIII DECEMBER, 1857.

No. 6.

PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D., EDITOR.

BOSTON:  
LEONARD C. BOWLES, 119 WASHINGTON STREET,  
OVER THE BOOKSTORE OF  
CROSBY, NICHOLS, & CO.  
NEW YORK: C. S. FRANCIS & CO.  
LONDON: EDWARD T. WHITFIELD.  
1857.

Postage, 1½ cents each number, or 18 cents a year, in advance.

THE  
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE  
AND  
**Independent Journal.**

PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D., EDITOR.

TERMS.

Single copies . . . \$3.50 a year, or \$3.00, if paid in advance.  
" " . . . 1.75 half-year, in advance.  
Six copies to one address for 15.00, payment in advance.

No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid. New subscribers can commence from the beginning of a volume, — January or July, — and be furnished with the back numbers accordingly.

For sale, complete sets of the work from the commencement, neatly bound, in sixteen volumes. Subscribers furnished with the back volumes in exchange for the numbers, by paying the cost of binding.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
CAUSE OF POLITICAL DEMORALIZATION AND COMMERCIAL DISHONESTY: A SPECIAL VIEW, by E. V. Smith . . . . .	361	THE HAVEN IN THE MIDST OF THE OCEAN, by A. W. Abbot . . .	419
THE MANIFESTATION OF GOD IN THE CREATION, by J. H. P. Frost, M.D. . . . .	370	EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. — Debt and Grace, as related to the Doctrine of a Future Life; White Lies, — <i>Propria quæ Moribus</i> , and The Box Tunnel; The Memorial, or, The Life and Writings of an Only Daughter; Mental Philosophy, including the Intellect, the Sensibilities, and the Will; Slavery and the Remedy; Aspirations of Nature; The Radical Deficiency of the Existing Circulating Medium, and the Advantages of a Mutual Currency; Pamphlets received. . . . .	426
A SKETCH, by A. M. Sawyer . . .	383		
THE LAST ROSE, by E. Morton . . .	390		
THE GREAT DISCRIMINATION, by Rev. A. B. Muzzey . . . . .	392		
MISTAKEN METHODS: ANOTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION, by H. S. Chamberlain . . . . .	399		
MOSES'S PROHIBITION OF WITCHCRAFT, by Rev. Thomas Hill . . .	408		
CHRISTMAS AND CHARITY: SOMETHING FOR CHILDREN, by M. N. Ayres . . . . .	410		



**REMOVAL.****CROSBY, NICHOLS, & CO.,**

Publishers, Booksellers, and Stationers,  
HAVE REMOVED TO

**No. 117 Washington Street,**  
(Three doors south of their former stand.)

The Store lately occupied by JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., where they respectfully solicit the continued patronage of their OLD FRIENDS, and those of Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co., and of the public generally.

**CROSBY, NICHOLS, & Co.**

HAVE FOR SALE,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
**One of the Best and most Extensive Stocks in New England.**

The union of their large and well-selected Stock with that formerly owned by Messrs. Jewett & Co. enables them to offer purchasers inducements seldom equalled.

C. N. & Co. will soon publish

**A New Work by the Author of "Delia Arlington."**

**HERE AND HEREAFTER:**

**OR, THE TWO ALTARS.**

By ANNA ATHERN, Author of "Step by Step: or, Delia Arlington." 1 vol. 12mo.

**THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, FOR THE YEAR 1858.**

1 vol. 12mo. To be ready early in Dec.

**A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.**

By EDWARD J. STEARNS, A.M. 1 vol. 12mo.

**NOW READY,**

**FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEAS.**

A POEM. By A. D. T. W. 16mo. 50 cents.

**WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE,**

A New Book for the Young. With Six fine Engravings, printed in Oil Colors. 16mo. 75 cents.

**NANNIE'S JEWEL-CASE:**

**OR, TRUE STORIES AND FALSE.**

A New Book for Young People. With Six Illustrations, Printed in Oil Colors. 16mo. 75 cents.

**BELLE AND LILLY.**

A Book for Girls. With Six Colored Illustrations, Printed in Oils.

**MOTHER'S TRUE STORIES.**

A Book of Bible Stories. With Colored Illustrations. 16mo. 50 cents.

**NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF**

**"THE LAMPLIGHTER."**

**MABEL VAUGHAN.**

1 vol. 12mo. \$1.00.

**JUST PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY**

**CROSBY, NICHOLS, & Co.,**

117 Washington Street, Boston.

\*\*\* The above sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of advertised price.

Removal to Summer Street.

**DANIELL & CO.**

HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR NEW STORE,

**Nos. 7 and 9 Summer Street.**

In moving from our old Store, we cannot refrain from expressing our thanks to our friends and customers whom it has been our happiness to meet from year to year, for their generous patronage, and trust that, by unceasing efforts to give them goods at low prices, we shall make it for their interest to continue to do business with us in our NEW STORE. One fixed principle with us is to allow no goods to be recommended beyond their real worth, or allow our customers to be deceived in their purchases. Our long experience enables us to procure our stock in the best way, and sell it at the lowest prices.

WE HAVE OPENED A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF

**SILKS,**

AND OTHER STYLES OF

**DRESS GOODS.**

**LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.**

**LINEN GOODS,**

Manufactured for us from pure flax.

AND EVERY OTHER ARTICLE USUALLY WANTED IN A FAMILY.

Every department is full, especially in

**HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,**

WHICH IS THE LARGEST WE HAVE EVER OFFERED.

**DANIELL & Co.,**

**7 and 9 Summer Street.**

**NEW FALL GOODS.**

**CHANDLER AND COMPANY,**

**6 and 8 Summer Street,**

HAVE RECEIVED AND ARE NOW OPENING

**A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS,**

OF THEIR OWN IMPORTATION, COMPRISING A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

Silks, Shawls, Printed Dress Goods,  
Striped and Plaid Woven Dress Goods,  
Merinos, Poplins, Valenciennes, Cloths for  
Ladies' Cloaks, Linen Goods,  
Housekeeping Goods

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

**EMBROIDERIES, HOSIERY, GLOVES,  
&c., &c.**

## The Great Book of the Year

Is the New Tale by the Authoress of "The Lamplighter."

MISS CUMMINS has chosen for the title of her new book the name of the principal heroine, the beautiful and accomplished **MABEL VAUGHAN**, and has written a story which for elegance of diction and thrilling interest has rarely been equalled by an American lady. The question has been repeatedly asked, "Can Miss Cummins write another book equal to *The Lamplighter*?" We can answer this question now with perfect assurance, not only from our own personal knowledge, but from the unqualified testimony of two literary gentlemen of Boston, who have read the work with great care, and with absorbing interest, both of whom pronounce it a superior book to the first, and assure us that the Authoress of "*The Lamplighter*," instead of losing position, will add immensely to her previously well-earned and world-wide reputation. — Many writers, flushed with the success of their first efforts, resume authorship in such haste as to leave no time for the recreation and recuperation required by both body and mind. Not so with the authoress of "*The Lamplighter*"; she has shown her good judgment in waiting two years and a half, and, by so doing, will undoubtedly take a position in advance of the one she now occupies.

**MABEL VAUGHAN,**

like "*The Lamplighter*," will soon become a familiar household name, and her charming character a model for imitation. We are printing **Twenty Thousand Copies** for the first edition. It makes a handsome 12mo volume of 500 pages, for \$1.

**JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Publishers, 289 Washington Street, Boston.**

## ALLEN'S BRITISH INDIA.

**India, Ancient and Modern, Geographical, Historical, Political, Social, and Religious.**

This valuable work by Dr. D. O. ALLEN, who was for twenty-five years a resident of India, is acknowledged to be the most complete and reliable work on British India ever published, either here or in England. It possesses uncommon interest at the present time, while the eyes of the world are turned towards that country.

PUBLISHED BY

**JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,**  
**BOSTON, Mass.**

**In one splendid 8vo volume. Price, \$2.00.**

The learned Editor of the Anglo-Saxon, in a recent notice, speaks thus of this able work : —

"The want of a reliable work on India has long been felt, especially in this country; and the present unsettled and unsatisfactory state of affairs in the East has increased the desire for information. The opportune issue of 'Allen's India, Ancient and Modern,' from the house of Messrs. JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., has therefore supplied a desideratum, and the demand for the work has already called forth a second edition.

"This work is the result of many years' labor. The author was a diligent collector of facts, during a residence of twenty-five years in that interesting country. Being a member of the 'Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society,' and corresponding member of the 'American Oriental Society,' he had access to the best sources of information, and his comprehensive work of over six hundred octavo pages is good evidence of the manner in which he improved his opportunities for gathering the materials for the publication now so favorably received by the public.

"The geographical, historical, political, social, and religious aspects of the country are each presented in systematic order. The successive periods of the history of the country are treated separately, commencing with fragmentary sketches of the aborigines, and followed successively by the introduction of Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and finally by European discovery and conquest, and the operations of the East India Company. The Armies, European and Native, — their discipline, pay, affection and disaffection, — are classified and described, impartially. The Government officials, from Governor-General, whose salary is \$125,000 per annum, with about an equal sum for expenses, down to the magistracy, are enumerated, and their respective positions, authority, and salaries noted. In fact, the whole machinery of that ponderous association, the 'East India Company,' from its original to the present period, is faithfully laid before the reader.

"Dr. Allen resolved upon a difficult task when he undertook to write a History of India; but he has done the subject justice. It is not, as all the works on India are which have preceded it, either a Treatise on British India, or on some definite period of the history of the country, but a full and comprehensive History of all India, and a very full map of the country accompanies the work. At this time, when the eyes of the world are turned to that remarkable country with intense interest, the publication of this work is doubly desirable. Its reception in Europe has been very flattering, not only by the critics of the British Press, but by the public generally."

The Editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser closes a very discriminating notice as follows : —

"We have never felt more deeply, than after the perusal of some of the chapters and notes in the latter part of this book, the great delicacy of the questions which continually present themselves in the relations of the converts to Christianity, nor the embarrassing position in which both missionaries and government are occasionally placed, in the attempt to reconcile the inevitable consequences of the past, and the necessities of the present, with the requirements of enlightened institutions. Some of the steps taken by the Company have unquestionably left a deep stain upon the English name, and Dr. Allen is not slow to denounce them. But he also shows very plainly the influence of the European power in suppressing many of the evils under which the native population have suffered for centuries, and the nature of those reforms which have rendered the change of masters, on the whole, an advantage to the great mass of the Indian people. Dr. Allen's book is published in this city by Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co. We warmly commend it to the attention of the public."

# DAVIS, WRIGHT, & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO



Importers and Dealers in

## CARPETINGS,

Of every Variety of Fabric and Quality,

HALL OVER MAINE RAILROAD DEPOT,

HAYMARKET SQUARE, BOSTON.

GEORGE F. DAVIS,

SAMUEL T. WRIGHT,

WILLIAM H. SMITH.

# SAMUEL T. CROSBY,

IMPORTER OF



**RICH JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE;**

Silver Tea-Sets, Forks, Spoons, &c.

*Fine Watches, Clocks, and Plated Wares;*

**Also, COMMUNION SERVICE,**

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

**69 Washington Street,**

(Three doors from Court Street,)

**BOSTON.**

## The Great Book of the Year

### Is the New Tale by the Authoress of "The Lamplighter."

MISS CUMMINS has chosen for the title of her new book the name of the principal heroine, the beautiful and accomplished **MABEL VAUGHAN**, and has written a story which for elegance of diction and thrilling interest has rarely been equalled by an American lady. The question has been repeatedly asked, "Can Miss Cummins write another book equal to *The Lamplighter*?" We can answer this question now with perfect assurance, not only from our own personal knowledge, but from the unqualified testimony of two literary gentlemen of Boston, who have read the work with great care, and with absorbing interest, both of whom pronounce it a superior book to the first, and assure us that the Authoress of "*The Lamplighter*," instead of losing position, will add immensely to her previously well-earned and world-wide reputation. — Many writers, flushed with the success of their first efforts, resume authorship in such haste as to leave no time for the recreation and recuperation required by both body and mind. Not so with the authoress of "*The Lamplighter*"; she has shown her good judgment in waiting two years and a half, and, by so doing, will undoubtedly take a position in advance of the one she now occupies.

### MABEL VAUGHAN,

like "*The Lamplighter*," will soon become a familiar household name, and her charming character a model for imitation. We are printing **Twenty Thousand Copies** for the first edition. It makes a handsome 12mo volume of 500 pages, for \$1.

**JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Publishers, 289 Washington Street, Boston.**

## ALLEN'S BRITISH INDIA.

**India, Ancient and Modern, Geographical, Historical, Political, Social, and Religious.**

This valuable work by Dr. D. O. ALLEN, who was for twenty-five years a resident of India, is acknowledged to be the most complete and reliable work on British India ever published, either here or in England. It possesses uncommon interest at the present time, while the eyes of the world are turned towards that country.

PUBLISHED BY

**JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,**  
**BOSTON, Mass.**

In one splendid 8vo volume. Price, \$3.00.

The learned Editor of the *Anglo-Saxon*, in a recent notice, speaks thus of this able work:—

"The want of a reliable work on India has long been felt, especially in this country; and the present unsettled and unsatisfactory state of affairs in the East has increased the desire for information. The opportune issue of '*Allen's India, Ancient and Modern*,' from the house of Messrs. JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., has therefore supplied a desideratum, and the demand for the work has already called forth a second edition.

"This work is the result of many years' labor. The author was a diligent collector of facts, during a residence of twenty-five years in that interesting country. Being a member of the 'Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society,' and corresponding member of the 'American Oriental Society,' he had access to the best sources of information, and his comprehensive work of over six hundred octavo pages is good evidence of the manner in which he improved his opportunities for gathering the materials for the publication now so favorably received by the public.

"The geographical, historical, political, social, and religious aspects of the country are each presented in systematic order. The successive periods of the history of the country are treated separately, commencing with fragmentary sketches of the aborigines, and followed successively by the introduction of Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and finally by European discovery and conquest, and the operations of the East India Company. The Armies, European and Native,—their discipline, pay, affection and disaffection,—are classified and described, impartially. The Government officials, from Governor-General, whose salary is \$125,000 per annum, with about an equal sum for expenses, down to the magistracy, are enumerated, and their respective positions, authority, and salaries noted. In fact, the whole machinery of that ponderous association, the 'East India Company,' from its original to the present period, is faithfully laid before the reader.

"Dr. Allen resolved upon a difficult task when he undertook to write a History of India; but he has done the subject justice. It is not, as all the works on India are which have preceded it, either a Treatise on *British India*, or on some definite period of the history of the country, but a full and comprehensive History of all India, and a very full map of the country accompanies the work. At this time, when the eyes of the world are turned to that remarkable country with intense interest, the publication of this work is doubly desirable. Its reception in Europe has been very flattering, not only by the critics of the British Press, but by the public generally."

The Editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* closes a very discriminating notice as follows:—

"We have never felt more deeply, than after the perusal of some of the chapters and notes in the latter part of this book, the great delicacy of the questions which continually present themselves in the relations of the converts to Christianity, nor the embarrassing position in which both missionaries and government are occasionally placed, in the attempt to reconcile the inevitable consequences of the past, and the necessities of the present, with the requirements of enlightened institutions. Some of the steps taken by the Company have unquestionably left a deep stain upon the English name, and Dr. Allen is not slow to denounce them. But he also shows very plainly the influence of the European power in suppressing many of the evils under which the native population have suffered for centuries, and the nature of those reforms which have rendered the change of masters, on the whole, an advantage to the great mass of the Indian people. Dr. Allen's book is published in this city by Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co. We warmly commend it to the attention of the public."

DAVIS, WRIGHT, & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

W. & CO. CARPETS



Importers and Dealers in

**CARPETINGS,**

Of every Variety of Fabric and Quality,

**HALL OVER MAINE RAILROAD DEPOT,**

**HAYMARKET SQUARE, BOSTON.**

GEORGE F. DAVIS,

SAMUEL T. WRIGHT,

WILLIAM H. SMITH.

**SAMUEL T. CROSBY,**

IMPORTER OF



**RICH JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE;**

**Silver Tea-Sets, Forks, Spoons, &c.**

**Fine Watches, Clocks, and Plated Wares;**

**Also, COMMUNION SERVICE,**

**AT REASONABLE PRICES.**

**69 Washington Street,**

**(Three doors from Court Street,)**

**BOSTON.**



**THOMAS GROOM & CO.**  
 IMPORTERS OF  
*English and French Stationery,*  
 AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
**BLANK ACCOUNT BOOKS,**  
 INDIA BUILDING,  
**82 State Street,**  
**BOSTON,**

INVITE the attention of their Friends and the Public to their large and extensive Stock, comprising every description of

**BLANK-BOOKS,**  
 FOR

**Banks, Corporations, and the Counting-House;**

TOGETHER WITH A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

**Fancy and Staple Stationery,**

AMONG WHICH MAY BE MENTIONED

WRITING PAPERS of all sizes; DRAWING PAPERS;  
 NOTE PAPERS in great variety; COLORED AND  
 WHITE TISSUE PAPER; together with the  
 Largest Assortment of FANCY PAPER  
 to be found in New England.

**GOLD PENS,**

From the Celebrated Manufactory of  
 Hayden.

ALSO

**STEEL PENS,**

MADE BY GILLOTT AND OTHERS.



**MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS,**

**Dividers, Parallel Rules, Protractors,  
 Gunter's Scales, &c.**

*And every other Article adapted to the wants of the Artist  
 and Architect.*



**COPYING PRESSES,**

*The most approved Patterns;*  
 In the construction of which the  
 utmost care is taken to combine  
**STRENGTH AND UTILITY.**

ALSO

**COPYING-INK, LETTER-BOOKS,**  
*&c., &c.*

*All of which are offered to the Trade, at Wholesale and  
 Retail, at the Lowest Prices.*

**STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY  
 OF WORCESTER.**

INCORPORATED IN 1841.

**Capital and Accumulation, \$250,000.**

*Hon. ISAAC DAVIS, President.*

*Hon. EMORY WASHBURN, Vice-President.*

*C. HARRIS, Esq., Secretary.*

*WM. DICKINSON, Esq., Treasurer.*

THIS very successful Company, having accumulated a large surplus cash-capital, are issuing Policies at reduced rates of Premium. Clergymen, students, and all others desirous of effecting insurance on their lives, are invited to examine the system adopted by this Company, before procuring policies in others, which may be valueless when such policies become claims. Policies issued, with permits to reside in Kansas, California, and Foreign Countries, — including several of the missionary stations, — in healthy localities. Pamphlets containing all necessary information, Table of Rates, last Annual Report, &c., may be obtained on application, by mail or otherwise, to the Agents of the Company in most of the principal towns in New England; to the Secretary at Worcester; or at the Boston Office, No. 29 State Street.

**JAMES D. KENT, Agent.**

**The New England  
 MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,**

**Office, 14 State Street, Boston,**

INSURES LIVES on the MUTUAL PRINCIPLE. Net accumulation, exceeding **\$1,100,000**, and increasing, for the benefit of Members, present and future. The whole safely and advantageously invested. The business conducted exclusively for the benefit of the persons insured. The greatest risk taken on a life, \$15,000. Surplus distributed among the members every fifth year, from Dec. 1, 1843; settled by cash, or by addition to policy. The distribution of December, 1853, amounted to thirty per cent of the premium paid in the last five years. Premiums may be paid quarterly or semiannually, when desired, and amounts not too small.

Forms of Application, and Pamphlets of the Company, and its Reports, to be had of its Agents, or at the Office of the Company, or forwarded by mail, if written for, post-paid.

**DIRECTORS.**

WILLARD PHILLIPS, *President*; MARSHALL P. WILDER,  
 CHARLES P. CURTIS, THOMAS A. DEXTER, A. W.  
 THAXTER, JR., GEORGE H. FOLGER, WILLIAM B.  
 REYNOLDS, CHARLES HUBBARD, SEWELL TAPPAN,  
 PATRICK T. JACKSON.

JOHN HOMANS, M.D., *Consulting Physician.*

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS, *Secretary.*

**GEORGE TURNBULL & CO.,**

289 Washington Street,

1, 5, 7 Winter Street,

**BOSTON.****BRITISH, CONTINENTAL, AND AMERICAN****DRY GOODS,****Wholesale and Retail.****W. & A. BACON,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**DEALERS IN DRY GOODS,****Woollens, Cottons, Prints, &c.,****BACON'S BLOCK,****WASHINGTON STREET,****ROXBURY.**

WILLIAM BACON, JR.

AUGUSTUS BACON.

**WILLIAM C. MERRIAM,**

DEALER IN

**HOSIERY, UNDER-GARMENTS, GLOVES, SUSPENDERS, &c., &c., EXCLUSIVELY FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.**

Also manufactures the finer qualities Shirts, Collars, &amp;c. from measure, and perfect satisfaction warranted.

**No. 186 Washington, corner Franklin St. BOSTON.****CHARLES D. ANDREWS,**

Successor to the late Robert Andrews,

**116 Washington Street, Boston,****ENGRAVER, PLATE PRINTER, & LITHOGRAPHER,**

WILL EXECUTE ALL ORDERS IN THE BEST MANNER AND ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

CARDS — Marriage, Address, and Business — neatly engraved and printed.

☞ Constantly on hand a good assortment of Plates for Book Illustrations.

**THE BOSTON DAILY TRAVELLER,**

AND

**DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER.**

MORNING AND EVENING EDITIONS.

The present proprietors of the **BOSTON TRAVELLER**, having, by liberal expenditures, and systematic division of labor, rendered their facilities for obtaining the news unsurpassed by any paper in Boston, or New England, are now prepared to furnish the public with an **Independent Daily Newspaper**, which challenges comparison. The Editorial and Reporter Force is larger than that of any paper in New England. The ablest contributors are engaged at a very heavy expense. It contains also the **Fullest News**, the most reliable details, verbatim reports, and the latest intelligence of every kind, from all parts of the world.

The **TRAVELLER** has always been noted for unquestionable accuracy, truthfulness, and impartiality in its reports. Its success for many years, and especially at the last Election, in publishing Election Returns many hours in advance of any and every contemporary, has added to its reputation for enterprise, and given it a position for

**EARLY NEWS, FULL DETAILS, AND TRUTHFUL****REPORTS, SUPERIOR TO THAT OF****ANY PAPER IN BOSTON,****OR NEW ENGLAND.**

The **DAILY TRAVELLER** contains the best Commercial, Marine, Scientific, and Literary Articles, with extended and able reviews of all New Publications, (including the first-class Periodical Literature of England and America,) full Literary and Personal Intelligence, Choice Selections, making it a

**Complete Literary Record.**

The great Telegraphic Lines, North, South, East, and West, have their terminus in Boston in the Traveller Counting-Room, giving the Traveller facilities for obtaining news not enjoyed by any other paper. The Traveller is printed upon one of Hoe & Co.'s celebrated Lightning Presses, driven by a new and powerful steam-engine, — the best of talent is engaged to contribute to its columns, and the publishers are determined to withhold no efforts, which pecuniary and industrial means can supply, not only to deserve the high estimation which their past labors have achieved, but to merit a better appreciation, and a still wider patronage, such as shall leave the Traveller without a rival among its contemporaries.

The **TERMS** of the Daily Traveller are **Two Cents per copy**, or **Six Dollars per year**, in advance.

☞ *Subscribers can have the Morning or Evening Edition of the Traveller left at their residences by the week, on application to the Periodical Dealers and Newsmen.*

**The Boston Traveller,**

Published **TUESDAYS** and **FRIDAYS**, containing all the News, Reports of Lectures, Commercial Matters, and Ship News of the Daily Traveller, is one of the most desirable papers in the country, at the low price of **Three Dollars per Annum.**

**American Traveller. (WEEKLY.)**

Single copy, . . .	\$2.00	Ten copies, . . .	\$10.00
Two copies, . . .	3.00	with one copy to the per-	
Five copies, . . .	6.00	son getting up the Club.	
Twenty-five copies, . . .		\$20.00	

**WORTHINGTON, FLANDERS, AND GUILD,****Proprietors,**

Traveller Buildings, State Street, Boston.



**MARTIN L. BRADFORD & CO.,**

142 Washington Street, Boston.

IMPORTERS OF

**TABLE CUTLERY,**

**POCKET KNIVES,**

**SCISSORS AND SHEARS,**

**RAZORS,**

AND ALL KINDS OF

**CUTLERY.**

**SKATES, LADIES' SKATES,**

**FAMILY HARDWARE,**

AND

**FISHING TACKLE.**

**ROCHUS HEINISCH'S**

AND

**HERMAN WENDT'S**

**Patent Tailors' Shears,**

AND

**BARBERS, PAPER HANGERS, BANKERS,  
and LADIES' SCISSORS,**

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**

**THEODORE H. BELL,**

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has removed to the New and Spacious Store recently erected, one door north from his former place of business,

Directly opposite the Old South Church.

He takes great pleasure in calling attention to the new and elegant Stock of

**BOOTS AND SHOES,**

Of every description, suited for Ladies, Gentlemen, Boys, Misses, and Children's wear, of his own manufacture, and from the best Manufacturers of this State and New York.

**FRENCH BOOTS AND SHOES.**

By every Steamer he is receiving a full supply of Ladies and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes, of superior quality and latest styles, from all the best PARISIAN MANUFACTURERS, to which he would call particular attention.

*Boots and Shoes made to order.*

**ONE PRICE.**

No. 153 Washington Street, Boston,

Opposite the Old South Church.

*Ladies' Fur Store.*

**BENT & BUSH,**

Corner of Court and Washington Streets,

**BOSTON.**

Importers, Manufacturers, and Wholesale and Retail

Dealers in

**Foreign and American Furs!**

OF EVERY GRADE AND QUALITY.

Ladies' Entrance, No. 7 Court Street.

**REMOVAL.**

**JAMES TOLMAN,**

**MERCHANT TAILOR,**

Has removed from his old stand, 13 CONGRESS STREET,

to the more commodious store recently occupied  
by CROSBY, NICHOLS, & Co.,

111 Washington Street,

midway between Court and School Streets.

**Importers & Manufacturers.**

**S. H. GREGORY & CO.**

*Have constantly on hand a Choice Assortment of*

**FRENCH**

**PAPER-HANGINGS,**

Imported by them, and Manufactured to their Order.

ALSO

**AMERICAN PAPER-HANGINGS,**

*In Great Variety,*

**OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE.**

All of which they offer at

**WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,**

On the most Reasonable Terms, at

**Nos. 23 and 25 Court Street,**

(A few doors from Washington Street.)

S. H. GREGORY. }

C. W. ROBINSON. }

**Boston.**

N. B. Papers furnished for Churches at very low prices.

**The Independent;**

**A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND  
FAMILY NEWSPAPER.**

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

**Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D.,**

**Rev. Henry Ward Beecher,**

**Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe,**

**Mr. Charles L. Brace,**

And numerous others. **Correspondents** from all sections of the Union, from England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and the Holy Land, contribute to enrich the columns of THIS JOURNAL.

No expense is spared to secure every variety of talent in the several departments of this paper. A full summary of Religious and General Intelligence is given. Also, weekly, an article on the Money Market and Commercial News. A full and complete Review of the Flour and Produce Market, and Merchandise generally, together with that of the Cattle Market, is written weekly by an experienced man, expressly for this paper. Our prices current are also corrected up to the day of publication, and may be confidently relied upon for correctness.

**TERMS:**

By Mail, \$2.00 a year in advance. — Single copies 6¢ cents. — Specimen Numbers sent gratis. — Advertisements, twenty cents per line each insertion.

**JOSEPH H. LADD, Publisher,**

Office, 23 Beekman Street, New York.

**WHEELER & WILSON'S**

IMPROVED PREMIUM

**FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.**

These Improved Machines are rapidly coming into general favor, and are acknowledged to be the **ONLY** machines adapted to

**FAMILY USE.**

The most convincing and logical argument in favor of these Unrivalled Family Sewing Machines is the marked and unqualified preference accorded them by hundreds of the most intelligent and influential families in Boston.

At the late Fair of the Massachusetts Mechanics' Charitable Association they received

**THE HIGHEST AND ONLY MEDAL**

awarded to Family Sewing Machines. Their introduction is no longer an experiment,

**It is a SUCCESS,**

and a success which every purchaser acknowledges with satisfaction. They are becoming more and more extensively appreciated by persons of good taste and judgment, and will be used by all who prefer

**An Instrument that will perform  
the greatest quantity of Labor  
in the most Certain, Noise-  
less, Durable, and Fault-  
less manner.**

Late improvements in these Machines have added much to their usefulness, rendering them

**Peculiarly Suitable for Family Use.**

The numerous advantages possessed by these Machines can be best understood by an examination, where they are exhibited and for sale, at

**328 Washington St., corner of Summer,**

**BOSTON.****J. E. ROOT, Agent.****THE CONGREGATIONALIST**

Is a family religious newspaper, which is now about to enter upon its ninth volume. It aims to maintain an uncompromising hostility to oppression, whether ecclesiastical, civil, or social, and to evil of every name, entering heartily upon the various reforms of the day, neither rejecting the old because it is old, nor accepting the new because it is new, but seeking to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. It is under the editorial charge of

**Rev. Henry M. Dexter,**

PASTOR OF THE FINE STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH  
OF THIS CITY,

who has had much experience in connection with the religious press, and who receives the active and constant co-operation of some twenty of the ablest and freshest writers among the clergy of New England.

It has English and French Correspondents of superior ability, enabling it to give regular, reliable, and readable letters from the Old World; and in the department of Home Correspondence, it has an ample corps of co-laborers.

*Its religious intelligence, obtained from original sources, and gleaned from a large number of exchanges, embraces a great amount and variety of matter, and more pertaining to New England, especially, than can be found in any other journal.*

Its secular department is prepared with great care, and is believed to give a summary of all the important current events of the day. It designs to give brief yet candid criticisms of important new books, and pays special attention to all Literary Intelligence. A gentleman well known to the *Agricultural* public has been engaged as a stated contributor to that department. The fourth page of every paper contains an original, true story, designed to interest the children and do them good.

The *Congregationalist* is respectfully recommended to the examination of any who have heretofore taken no religious paper, or who, for any reason, may be dissatisfied with the one they now receive. Price, \$2.00 per annum. \$1.00 for six months, in advance.

Specimen numbers sent when requested.

**GALEN JAMES & Co.,**

**120 Washington Street, Boston.**

**NOTICES OF THE PRESS.**

*From the Springfield Republican.* — "This religious weekly journal, published in Boston, is the best representative of the improved New England Congregationalism of all the issues of the New England press. It is vigorous, humane, sympathetic, hearty, and talented; and we should be sorry to know that there was any doubt of its liberal support or permanent establishment."

*From the Boston Traveller.* — "There is no religious publication in our country more unexceptionable in character, more enterprising in the execution of the high purposes to which it is devoted, more to be praised by the religious reader, or more to be commended as a foe to oppression, or an earnest advocate in all reformatory movements, than this. It is under the editorial charge of the pastor of one of the Congregational churches in this city, of long experience in the religious press, whose able and brilliant pen has carried conviction and pleasure to the hearts of thousands. . . . The great fault of many of our religious newspapers is that they are dry, dull, and monotonous, but the *Congregationalist* cannot be included among these, for its editorials are powerful, keen, brief, and to the point, its selections judicious, fresh, and interesting; and every department is characterized by the same good taste, vigor, vivacity, and interest. We heartily commend the *Congregationalist* to the favorable consideration of the public, as eminently worthy of a most generous support."

## A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY

RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE, THAT,

ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER,

THEY WILL COMMENCE THE ISSUE OF

**The Atlantic Monthly.**

THEY will aim to furnish the reading public a new source of amusement and instruction, and to give to authors a new and independent vehicle of thought.

The current literature, and the prominent questions of the day, will receive due attention; while, at the same time, no pains will be spared to present an attractive miscellany of tales, sketches, and poetry, from the best writers.

Among other contributors, they are permitted to name the following, from whom articles may be expected:—

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT,  
RALPH WALDO EMERSON,  
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,  
REV. F. H. HEDGE, D.D.,  
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,  
JOHN G. WHITTIER,  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,  
JAMES R. LOWELL,  
J. LOTHROP MOTLEY,  
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS,  
HERMAN MELVILLE,  
Prof. C. C. FELTON,  
Prof. F. J. CHILD,  
E. P. WHIFFLE,  
EDMUND QUINCY,  
Author of "Wensley,"  
J. T. TROWBRIDGE,  
Author of "Neighbor Jackwood," etc.  
C. W. PHILLEO,  
Author of "Twice Married,"

Mrs. H. BEECHER STOWE,  
Mrs. GASKELL,  
Author of "Ruth," "Mary Barton,"  
"North and South," etc.  
Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD,  
Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND,  
Mrs. PIKE,  
Author of "Ida May," "Caste," etc.  
Miss ROSE TERRY,  
WILKIE COLLINS,  
Author of "The Dead Secret," etc.  
G. RUFFINI,  
Author of "Doctor Antonio," etc.  
SHIRLEY BROOKS,  
"Author of Aspen Court," etc.  
E. M. WHITTY,  
Author of "Political Portraits," etc.  
JAMES HANNAY,  
Author of "Singleton Fontenoy,"  
THOMAS W. PARSONS.

The attention of authors is respectfully invited to this advertisement. All articles received will be carefully examined, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for.

The publishers will aim to have each number ready in time for distribution and sale in the more remote parts of the country, on or before the first day of the month for which it is intended.

Retail price, 25 cents each number.

A liberal discount made to clubs, or to those who buy to sell again.

The attention of Booksellers, Periodical Dealers, Newsmen, and Book Agents, is requested, and their orders respectfully solicited.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, &amp; CO.,

No. 13 Winter Street, Boston.

THE  
MONTHLY  
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE  
AND  
INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

VOLUME XVIII.

---

SECOND SERIES, VOLUME XVI.

---

F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., EDITOR.

---

BOSTON:  
LEONARD C. BOWLES.  
1857.



# GOULD & LINCOLN'S LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

59 Washington Street, Boston, December 1, 1857.

## THE AIMWELL STORIES.

A New Volume.

JUST PUBLISHED.

MARCUS:

OR,

THE BOY-TAMER.

By WALTER AIMWELL.

With numerous Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth. 63 cents.

"A leading aim of this little volume is to point out to elder brothers and sisters some of the ways in which they may exert a happy influence upon the younger members of the family. It also attempts, incidentally, to set forth the idea that the best system of government for a child is that which trains him to govern himself."—*Extract from Preface.*

New editions of the following volumes of the Aimwell series, by the same author:—

**OSCAR: OR, THE BOY WHO HAD HIS OWN WAY.** With seventeen Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth. 63 cents.

"The author of 'Clinton' has here produced a volume of equal merit."—*New York Independent.*

"So natural and graphic are the incidents of this story, that it must have been compiled from a real boy experience."—*Willis's Home Journal.*

"A series carried out in this style will have a wide and just popularity."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

**CLINTON: OR, BOY LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.** With fourteen Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth. 63 cents.

"We like 'Clinton' for its naturalness. It is a narrative about real life, pleasantly described in just the way to attract young readers, resembling, and quite equal to, the 'Rollo Stories.'"—*Christian Register.*

"Well, the boys have read it, and they pronounce it 'first-rate.' We confirm their judgment. It enters into the heart of the boy; comprehends his thoughts, his wishes, and his temptations; mingles in his sports; stimulates him in his studies; and implants right principles and noble views."—*The Independent, N. Y.*

**ELLA: OR, TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.** With sixteen Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth. 63 cents.

**WHISTLER: OR, THE MANLY BOY.** With numerous Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth. 63 cents.

"The author understands the disposition of youth; and, while he interests their minds, he improves their hearts. 'Whistler, the Manly Boy,' is described as equal to its predecessors; or, in boy language, as, 'First-rate, I tell you!' or, 'Good; you'd better believe!' Books like these are worth double the money that one pays for them."—*Worcester Palladium.*

In Preparation.

JESSIE:

OR,

TRYING TO BE SOMEBODY.

## HENRY ROGERS'S NEW WORK!

"IF MR. ROGERS LIVES TO ACCOMPLISH OUR EXPECTATIONS, WE FEEL LITTLE DOUBT THAT HIS NAME WILL SHARE, WITH THOSE OF BUTLER AND PASCAL, IN THE GRATITUDE AND VENERATION OF POSTERITY."—*London Quarterly Review.*

## THE GREYSON LETTERS;

SELECTIONS FROM THE

Correspondence of R. E. H. GREYSON, Esq.

EDITED BY

HENRY ROGERS,

AUTHOR OF "THE ECLIPSE OF FAITH," "REASON AND FAITH, THEIR CLAIMS AND CONFLICTS," ETC.

12mo. . . . Cloth. . . . \$1.25.

"Mr. Greyson" and Mr. Rogers are one and the same person. The whole work is from his pen; and every letter is radiant with the genius of the author of "The Eclipse of Faith." It discusses a wide range of subjects in the most attractive manner. The Atonement, Homœopathy, Novel-Reading, Mysteries of Providence often none, Language of Emotions, Job and his Friends, Mesmerism, Loss of Infants, Extemporaneous Cookery, Pulpit Style, English God-Manufacturers, Compulsory Virtue, Human Pugnacity, Antediluvian Friendships, Best Punishment for Hypocrisy,—such are a few of the many topics of this delightful *mélange*. It abounds in the keenest wit and humor, satire and logic. It fairly entitles Mr. Rogers to rank with Sydney Smith and Charles Lamb as a wit and humorist, and with Bishop Butler as a reasoner.

"The style is often playful, familiar, and conversational; and again naturally rises to the height of the grave and serious arguments which arise from time to time. We can conscientiously commend it as a truly good book, containing a great many wise, true, and original reflections, and written in an attractive style. We wish for it a wide circulation, and hope that it may be generally read."—Hon. GEORGE S. HILLARD, LL.D., in *Boston Courier*.

"Mr. Rogers has few equals as a critic, moral philosopher, and defender of truth. He is a master of style, and can be playful and serious, sarcastic and argumentative, as the occasion demands. . . . His present volume is full of entertainment, and full of food for thought, to feed on."—*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

"R. E. H. Greyson, whose correspondence these letters purport to be, is only a myth; his name is an anagram for Henry Rogers. But under this form of pleasant fiction, while Mr. Rogers has again displayed that marvellous logical faculty, which in his Reviews, his Reason and Faith, his Eclipse of Faith, and his Essays, won for him a place beside Bishop Butler as a reasoner, and Mill as a logician, he also discloses a faculty of wit and humor which give to his letters (we do not hesitate to say it) the charm of the Spectator, the Tatler, or any of the best productions of the earlier English Essayists."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Full of good sense, of acute observation, of subtle analysis, of accurate logic, of profound reflection, fine description, apt quotation, pithy remark, and amusing anecdote. . . . A book, not for one hour, but for all hours; not for one mood, but for every mood, to think over, to dream over, to laugh over."—*Boston Journal.*



## For the Holidays.

GOLD AND SILVER AT REDUCED PRICES.

### **SAMUEL T. CROSBY**

WILL SELL HIS STOCK OF

GOLD AND SILVER WARE, WATCHES AND DIAMONDS,  
JEWELRY AND PLATED WARE,

AT

**GREATLY REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH.**

The above offers a favorable opportunity to purchasers of

**CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.**

Among the articles comprised in this stock are

#### **FINE ENGLISH AND GENEVA WATCHES**

From the Manufactories of Charles Frodsham, F. B. Adams and Sons, David Taylor, Jules Jurgenson, Patch, Phillepe, & Co., and E. F. Brant.

**Warranted Correct Timekeepers.**

#### **STERLING SILVER WARE.**

Tea-Sets, Pitchers, Waiters, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Fish Knives, Pie Knives, Fruit Knives, Maccaroni Servers, and other articles of Fancy Silver suitable for Presents.

#### **FINE GOLD JEWELRY**

Set with Diamonds, Pearls, Stone, Cameo, Mosaic, Lava, Coral, and Precious Stones. Brooches, Earrings, Bracelets, Chains, Sleeve-Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.

#### **SHEFFIELD, BIRMINGHAM, AND AMERICAN PLATED WARE.**

Tea-Sets, Waiters, Castors, Forks, Spoons, Card-Recelvers, &c., &c.

#### **PARIAN STATUETTES.**

Evangeline and Father, Uncle Tom and Eva, Little Red Riding-Hood, Bust of Flora, Adam and Eve, Tragedy and Comedy, &c., &c.

#### **ORNAMENTS OF HAIR**

IN GREAT VARIETY OF PATTERNS.

Brooches, Earrings, Bracelets, Crosses, Chains, Charms, Rings, &c., &c.,

MADE FROM ANY HAIR, AT SHORT NOTICE.

**SAMUEL T. CROSBY,**

69 Washington Street, three doors south from Court Street, Boston.



